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BY H. A. McPIKE.

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☞Pay for your paper before you stop it, if stop it you must. None but scalawags do otherwise. Don't be a scalawag—life's too short.

Cambria Freeman.

H. A. McPIKE, Editor and Publisher.

"HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE."

$1.50 and postage per year, in advance.

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The large and reliable circulation of the CAMBRIA FREEMAN commends it to the favorable consideration of advertisers, whose favors will be inserted at the following low rates:

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IT WILL PAY YOU, INDEED,
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Having just returned from the Eastern Cities, where we bought and PAID THE CASH for enough

SPRING AND SUMMER CLOTHING,

to stock our FOUR LARGE STORES, we are now prepared to furnish every man and boy to whom this comes greeting with

MADE-UP CLOTHING AND GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS

at LOWER PRICES than they can be bought at any other house in Blair or adjoining counties. In proof of which assertion we submit the following facts:

WE ARE SELLING A MAN'S GOOD SUIT, lined throughout, for $2.75. This suit invites and defies all competition.

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All the above described Goods and thousands of dollars' worth of other articles equally cheap are now in stock, ready for inspection at the

YOUNG AMERICA CLOTHING HOUSE
Corner Eleventh Avenue and Eleventh Street,
Opposite Opera House, ALTOONA, PA.

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AND NO ONE CAN AFFORD TO DO WITHOUT A GOOD CRADLE.

THE above "cut" represents the BEST in the market. It is made of *well seasoned* wood, put together in a *workmanlike* manner, and the parts so fitted that it can be easily and readily changed to cut any kind of grain. The fingers are all *movable* and the manner of *fastening* will be found a great improvement over the old method. Each *scythe* is hung correct, care being taken that *none are point heavy*—the heel of the scythe is not buried in the end of the snath, but being *movable* it can be adjusted for either light or heavy grain. For durability, simplicity, CLEAN CUTTING, and SYMMETRICAL SWATH LAYING, the BOSS CRADLE cannot be excelled.

This celebrated Cradle was formerly known as the "Miller Cradle," but for the last forty years it has been manufactured by Philip McGuire, father of the undersigned, and of late years by the undersigned himself. It has been greatly improved and simplified, and is a much better implement than the old "Miller Cradle." An imitation is being manufactured, but a comparison will show farmers and dealers that "The Boss" is by far the best. None genuine unless my NAME is stamped upon the snath. Any person selling any other make in the name of the Miller or McGuire Cradle will be *dealt with according to law.*

"The Boss Cradle" can be bought from Mr. D. Evanoy, Ebensburg, Pa., or may be ordered through any *Blacksmith dealer* in any of the surrounding towns and villages.

SEE "THE BOSS CRADLE!"
And be convinced that it is the BEST AND CHEAPEST IN THE MARKET.
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☞All persons desiring to have their *old cradles* repaired should send them in immediately, as it will be impossible to accommodate them if they neglect the matter until within a few days of harvest.

B. C. J. McGUIRE, Manufacturer,
WILMORE, CAMBRIA CO., PA.
June 3, 1881.—3t.

B. J. LYNCH,
Manufacturer and Dealer in
HOME AND CITY MADE
FURNITURE!
PARLOR AND CHAMBER SUITS,
LOUNGES, BEDSTEADS,
TABLES, CHAIRS,
Mattresses, &c.
1605 ELEVENTH AVENUE,
Between 16th and 17th Sts.,
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☞Citizens of Cambria county and all others wishing to purchase honest FURNITURE, &c., at lower prices are respectfully invited to give me a call before buying elsewhere, as I am confident that I can most every want and please in Quality, Price the very lowest. B. J. LYNCH.
Altoona, April 15, 1881.—tf.

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—MANUFACTURERS OF—
Tin, Copper and Sheet-Iron WARE,
—AND DEALERS IN—
COOKING & HEATING STOVES,
RANGES, FURNACES, &c.,
1108 Eleventh Avenue, . Altoona, Pa.
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ROOFING AND SPOUTING
PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.
PIPES FOR STOVES CONSTANTLY ON HAND.
Altoona, Oct. 16, 1879.—tf.

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$20.00 SAVED by purchasing a SEWING MACHINE from the undersigned, whose office is at 1604 Eleventh Avenue, between 16th and 17th Sts., Altoona, Pa., and who offers the Editor of the CAMBRIA FREEMAN as reference.
J. McGRATH.
Altoona, April 15, 1881.—tf.

D. M. J. BUCK,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
ALTOONA, PA.
Office and residence on Fourteenth street, near Second avenue, where night calls can be made. Office hours 8 to 10, A. M., and from 2 to 4 and 7 to 8, P. M. Special attention paid to Diseases of the Eye and Ear, as well as to Surgical operations of every description. [4-19.—tf.]

M. E. BUCKLEY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
ALTOONA, PA.
Office at 1102 Twelfth street, in same building recently in rear of First Nat'l Bank.
Altoona, April 22, 1881.—tf.

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine. [3-4, '81.—1y.]

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OF LORETTO, SELL
SUGARS at 8, 9, 10 and 11 cts. per lb.; Green and Black Teas, 35, 50 and 75c. per lb.; Green Coffee at 16 and 20 cts. per lb.; Roasted Coffee at 16, 20 and 22½ per lb.; The best Rio Coffee Extract for 5 cents; Two boxes Blining for 5 cents; Two papers Baking Soda for 5 cents; 4 lbs. Barley or 4 lbs. Oat Meal for 25 cts.; 4 lbs. Hominy or 4 lbs. Split Peas for 25 cts.; 5 lbs. Rice or 5 lbs. Prunes for 25 cts.; 3 Bulk Eggs or 3 Wrapped Soap for 25 cts.; Molasses, 35c. per gal.; good Syrup, 50c. per gal.; Carbon Oil, 15 cts. per gal.; Flour, $4.25 per sack; $8.25 per bbl.
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Ladies' Gloves, 12, 16, 20 and 25 cts. per pair;
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Also, Laces, Edgings, Embroideries, Crepes, &c.

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Infants' Shoes, 25, 35 and 50 cts. per pair.
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Boys' Shoes, $1.00, $1.25, $1.50, $1.75 and $2.00.
Men's Shoes, $1.25, $1.50, $1.75, $2.00 and $2.25.
Men's Boots, $2.00, $2.50, $3.00 and $3.50 per pair.

CLOTHING.
BOYS' FULL SUITS.....$3.50 to $10.00.
MENS " ..... 5.00 to 20.00.

We guarantee our prices on all kind of goods to be as low, if not lower, than any other house in Cresson, Johnstown, or elsewhere. All we ask is a fair trial. Any goods sold by us which do not give satisfaction will be taken back, and the price and freight on same refunded, provided they are returned in good condition within ten (10) days.

M'DONALD & CO.
Loretto, May 6, 1881.—tf.

THE PEOPLES
SHAVING and HAIR-DRESSING SALOON.
THE subscriber has the pleasure of announcing to the people of Ebensburg and vicinity, that he has opened a first-class tonsorial establishment in the building recently occupied by Judge Lloyd as a drug store, on High street, opposite the Mountain House, where he will be glad to welcome all who want to be shaved, have their hair cut, or desire any other attention in his line. ☞Ladies' hair and hair combing neatly done into coil or ringlets when desired. ☞A Satisfaction rendered or no charge made. Please give me a call.
H. P. SCHAEFFER.
Ebensburg, March 25, 1881.—1y.

DENTAL NOTICE.—DR. M. R. B. CREERY, *Surgeon Dentist*, Ebensburg, Pa., respectfully informs the people of Ebensburg and vicinity that he will be at Loretto on Monday of each week; at Carrolltown on Friday and Saturday of the *fourth week of each month*, and at Chest Springs on Wednesday and Thursday, and at Carrolltown on Friday and Saturday of the *fourth week of each month*.
☞All persons needing anything in his line will do well to give me a call, as I am prepared to furnish full or partial sets of teeth and perform all other operations pertaining to Dentistry in a satisfactory manner and at the lowest possible prices.
[4-21,'80.—tf.] M. R. B. CREERY, D. D. S.

THE MAN WHO SPENDS MONEY
for advertising in newspapers in these times without first obtaining an estimate of the cost from GEO. P. ROWELL & CO.'S Newspaper Advertising Bureau, No. 10 Spruce St., New York, is likely to pay $10 for what might be obtained for $5. Such estimates are furnished to all applicants gratis. Send 25 cents for 100-page pamphlet, with list of newspaper rates and references.

A SAD STORY.

Fifty years ago there lived in Lincoln county, Kentucky, a man named Amos Vaughn. He owned a farm not far from the knobs, near the White Oak lick. His farm though large was not fertile for either grain crops or grass. But, Dr. Vaughn was a capital farmer for that day, and he acquired the means of independence, though in this day he would be deemed a poor man.

His house was made of hewn logs, with huge stone chimneys and immense fire-places; and of winter nights, when almost a quarter of a cord of wood was piled on and burning the sense of comfort and cheerfulness was abundantly diffused. It was around such fires that the young people of fifty years ago sat of winter evenings. Apples and cider crowned the board; and how the merry laughter and songs resounded, none now know except those still living who were young at that period.

Mr. Vaughn had but one child, a son, whose name was Foster. He was industrious and exemplary. Never were the hearts of parents more completely bound up in a child; and never were parents more happily rewarded for their tender affection. He was a noble type of manly beauty in his person—tall, erect, robust. His eyes were large, shaded by long eye lashes; and his auburn suit of hair curled a little so as to fall in wavelets over his well-formed head. His education had not been neglected.

Many were the girls who set their caps for Foster Vaughn, but they were all defeated. He did not seem inclined to enter the marriage covenant, though he paid the girls great respect, often putting himself to serious inconvenience to gratify their whims.—Mrs. Vaughn often took occasion to suggest to her son certain girls for a wife, always pointing out the daughters of the wealthiest men of the adjoining counties; but her suggestions did not seem to make any impression on the mind of her son.

In the Knobs, which are the spurs of the Cumberland mountain, the farmers at the time of which I speak had herds of wild hogs, which grew fat on the mast in the fall, and were hunted with dogs and killed when the weather became cold enough to preserve the meat. These annual hunts were participated in by a dozen or twenty neighbors, and they furnished a number of days of excellent sport.

In one of these hunts Foster Vaughn was a party. The day was cold, and in the evening the snow poured down in a blinding storm. Near night Foster found himself twelve miles from home. The storm had ceased. The clouds had parted, leaving bread patches of deep blue sky which contrasted forcibly with the woods that were heavily clad with snow. He accordingly accepted the invitation of a Mr. Kidd to remain all night.

Mr. Kidd had but poor accommodations.—His cabin consisted of only two rooms. He had five children, four sons and one daughter, who was the eldest of the family. She was nineteen years old and was a marvelous specimen of female beauty. Her person was absolutely perfect, developed in perfect harmony, and presenting the most captivating appearance that can be imagined.

Her forehead was ample, revealing vigorous intellectual faculties evenly balanced, and it was like the whitest marble. Her hands were models for the ambitious artist who covets an immortality of fame. Added to these was a voice whose tones of melody and compass cannot be represented in words. Such was the mountain maiden—Milly Kidd.

After a frugal supper, Milly entertained Mr. Vaughn. They sat alone in one of the rooms of the cabin. Milly was wholly uneducated, but her native good sense and intuitive perception of propriety rendered her interesting. She knew a number of fine old ballads, which she sang with sweetness and feeling.

The hours flew away on golden wings.—Foster was confused with strange emotions—strange because he had never experienced them before. It was midnight; and Milly retired, her father coming in to invite his guest to bed.

Foster could not sleep. His soul was full of troubled sweetness and mysterious joy.—He was under the influence of a master power, such as he had never experienced. As the winter wind wailed round the cabin, and moaned away in the distant forest, the image and sweet voice of Milly rose before him; he still heard her thrilling voice; still saw her queenly form; still seemed to be gazing on her angelic face. Not until just before daybreak did he fall into troubled sleep.

The next morning he returned home, but home was not home to him any more. The tumult of his soul continued. He was absent-minded, solitary, moody. His mother observed the change in his habits, and asked him if he were ill.

He replied:

"No, not in the least."

"Why, then," she demanded, "are you so changed."

He blushed deeply, and replied:

"I am not aware that I have changed from what I have always been."

She made no reply and the subject was dropped.

But Foster continued in his unusual state of mind. All day long the image of the beautiful mountain girl was before his mind, and in the night it rose up amid his fitful dreams. Her voice, so full of melody and unearthly sweetness, sometimes seemed to be actually heard by him more than remembered; and then a thrill of joy disturbed his being.

Two weeks passed, and Foster was on his way to Mr. Kidd's home in the hills. It was in the middle of December, but the weather was mild as spring time. It was Saturday evening. The sky was clear, and the genial sunshine diffused over the world the aspect of spring, not of winter. About an hour after sunset he halted at the house of Mr. Kidd.

No one was at home but Milly. She was not expecting him, and was in her every-day dress. But the mountain people are not much troubled with the nicer points of what the world call etiquette; and Milly gave Foster welcome with the heart, the lips being merely instruments.

The sight of the beautiful girl gave serenity to the mind of the young man. Peace, deep as the still summer noon, came over his soul, with an absolute happiness that he had never known before. After supper Foster and Milly sat together in the same room they had at first acquaintance occupied. She sang the same old songs, which Foster felt to be still more beautiful; and then they chatted till the old man came in.

On retiring, Foster lay sleepless, entranced in glorious happiness. He only felt his bliss; he was not distinctly conscious of it.

Next morning opened with the mildness of May. The sun rose in cloudless skies, and the day was full of the peace of nature and the blending of her countless charms.

In the evening Foster and Milly walked out together in the large apple orchard.—But their walk did not terminate there; they went into the adjoining woods. They strayed on through the great forest of chestnut trees, chatting until they had gone a mile, and stopped on the brow of a high hill that commanded a far distant prospect of the winding course of a large creek.

And here it was that Foster knelt before Milly and asked her to be his wife. Milly drew back and said:

"That cannot be."

"Why?" said the still kneeling Foster.—"Can or do you not love me well enough to be my wife? This is my first love; never did I ask any girl to be my wife before. I love and adore you, and my life will be wretched without you."

Milly took his hand and gently raised him up. She sat down on a fallen tree and drew Foster beside her. Looking him full in the eyes, he said:

"Mr. Vaughn, if I were to follow the dictates of my heart I would accept your hand with its true love.

But I am a poor mountain girl, and my marriage with you would be an insult to your parents and friends. I could not come among them as an equal and will not as an *unequal*."

But Foster pressed his suit with an eloquence which the loving heart can alone inspire and dictate. Finally, terms were settled—the couple rose up pledged to each other.

In the morning Foster had a conversation with the father and mother of Milly, and gained their consent to his marriage with their daughter.

Foster returned home in the evening. On the next day, at dinner, he told his parents of the engagement with Milly Kidd. His mother burst into tears, and then into a fit of extreme passion.

"The Knobinite," she said, "shall never be my son's wife with my consent. How perfectly ridiculous. Foster, do you intend to kill me?"

Mr. Vaughn took matters more coolly; but at night he told his son calmly that he could never give his consent to the marriage.

Then the kind and the intimate friends of the family came in with their astonishment and indignation. But Foster was not moved. He told his parents plainly that he was determined to marry Milly Kidd.

"Then," replied his mother, "I had rather see you dead."

"And so had I," responded Mr. Vaughn.

In the evening Foster went to Walnut Flat, a small village some two miles distant. There he met with a number of persons who wished to go deer hunting in the Knobs.—The next day was set apart for the hunt on the headwaters of Black Creek.

When Foster came home he told his parents of the contemplated hunt the next day. They at once upbraided him with forming an excuse to go back to see Milly Kidd.—Mildly but firmly he told them he was not going to see Milly but simply to have a hunt for deer.

"Then," said the mother, "go along; but I had rather see you dead than to have you marry that miserable *Knobinite*."

Foster had made no reply, for he had seen that his parents would never submit to his wishes.

The next morning opened cold and cloudy. The company met at Hall's Gap, and having appointed a meeting-place in the evening, each struck out into the lone hills.

At about one o'clock, snow began to fall and thickened into a terrible storm. The men all met at the appointed, time but Foster was not there. They waited a long time but he did not come; and they supposed that in consequence of the storm he had gone home; and they all departed.

About night Foster's horse arrived at home: but this created no alarm, his parents thinking that the horse had broken loose, and that their son was in the neighborhood.

Not till the next evening was the fact known that Foster had not returned from the hunt. No one knew anything about him. On the third morning a company was made up to hunt for him. The most serious fear for his safety was entertained, as the weather had turned intensely cold. A large company of men went into the Knobs and took different directions in search of the lost man. Not a track of man or beast could be found. A party was sent out to visit the few settlers in the region of the hunt, but no one had seen Foster. One young man went to Mr. Kidd's but Foster had not been there.

Their search was continued, and finally Foster's gun was found in the snow. The next trace of him was discovered in a cabin, which contained fifteen hundred of blade fodder. Had he crawled into the soft fodder he might have saved his life, but he did not think of it. If he had not lost his gun, he might have set the fodder on fire.

Foster left the fodder house and went through the field to Buck creek. He tried to walk over the stream on a felled tree, but he fell off into the water, three feet deep, as the broken ice attested. He took up the creek, his tracks remaining plainly in the snow. But he had got wet, sat down at the root of a hornbean and went to sleep. There he was found—dead.

His body was carried home. The grief of his parents was intense. But the dagger which pierced his mother's heart was one of her own making: "I had rather seen you dead!" And now here was the lifeless body of her only son, whose first and only love she had rudely crossed. Her anguish was extreme. The father, too, was sullen with sorrow. He said to himself:

"I am to blame. God has taken vengeance on me, and made me desolate in my old age."

The funeral was largely attended, and hundreds wept over the coffin.

When Milly Kidd heard of Foster's hard fate she turned pale, trembled in every limb and fell unconscious to the floor. She became sad, like one forsaken by the world. She was silent, and preformed her accustomed duties mechanically.

Gradually her health gave way. Nay, the hectic flush was upon her cheek. During her many weeks of illness she never complained. Mr. Vaughn and his wife visited her and begged her forgiveness. She told them she bore no enmity or unkind feelings towards them; but that her soul was crushed. Her meakness, her patience, her triumphant faith in Christ touched every heart who visited her, and shed around her dying pillow an unfading radiance.

One evening Mr. Vaughn called his wife to him and said:

"My dear, we have done a great wrong in crossing the love of our son. Behold what has come upon us! We are left alone in our old age! Oh, if we had Foster and Milly with us how happy we should be! I have a proposition to make to you. It is, that when Milly dies, the grave of our Foster shall be opened and her coffin be placed by the side of his.—They loved like you and I did in our early life, and you and I cruelly parted them. We have got our reward and what a reward it is!"

Mrs. Vaughn consented, amid convulsions of sorrow. The next day Mr. Vaughn went to see Milly. She was approaching the final struggle, with unclouded reason and a peaceful soul. He told her that he and his wife wished that her coffin should be placed beside that of their son. She smiled sweetly and said:

"Thank you; that takes away from my heart the last shadow, and all I wish now is to die."

Twelve hours after this her pure and gentle spirit went away. The grave of Foster was opened, and the coffin of Milly was placed right by the side of his.

It was a bright day. The evening sun shed radiance over field, stream and grove. The birds were singing in every clump of trees, and every breeze bore with it the perfume of countless flowers.

The whole community for miles around was in attendance. The distinction of rich and poor was forgotten in the remembrance of the holy love of the human heart.

Just as Milly's coffin was lowering down beside that of her affianced lover, the venerable ministes sang, in a plaintive minor, the following verses:

"In the grave distress and sorrow
Pain no more the troubled breast;
There the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest,

"There the pris'ners freed from anguish,
Rest secure from all their dread;
And the voice of proud oppression
By the poor no more is heard.

The effect was electrical. There was not a tearless eye in the crowd of spectators, because every soul was smitten with great sorrow.

Years have passed away, and still the spring birds sing above those forgotten graves; and perhaps none are left on earth who knew this simple history and wept over it in other years.

THE POWER OF LOVE.

THE THRILLING ROMANCE OF A PIG-NIC.

"Do you love me as much to-day, Bertrace, as you did last Friday?"

These were the concluding words of a letter which Bertrace Houlihan, a fair, graceful girl of nineteen, held in her hand, on one finger of which sparkled a diamond ring—a pledge of Herman Hanafin that he would love and cherish her forever.

"What a dear, silly old boy he is, to be sure," Bertrace said to herself, and a merry laugh rippled through her pearly teeth and flowed gracefully out over the ripe, red lips that seemed made only for kissing, although there were dark stories afloat in the Houlihan household that when the dried beef jar was found empty one day Bertrace had only smiled in her own languid, imperial way and said something about trying to keep up with the procession if it took all the dried beef in town.

Her parents were rich but honest, and loved their daughter with a mad, trusting, passionate love that knew no bounds. Her every wish was law, and yet, knowing this, she would often shrink from letting her wants be known, so retiring was her nature. Once Mrs. Houlihan discovered Bertrace standing against a marble Psyche that ornamented the parlor bay window silently weeping.

"What is the matter, my child?" said the mother, coming to her daughter's side, and kissing her tenderly. "Can you not trust me with your grief?"

"Yes, mamma," said the girl, looking at her with tear-stained nose, while a bright smile illuminated her countenance, like the shining sun during a shower. "I have always trusted you. I want a pair of striped stockings"—and, blushing deeply, she hid her face in her mother's bosom.

From that moment they understood each other perfectly. It was a beautiful picture to see them together in the house, more like sisters than mother and daughter. Their lives knew no shadow, and they held up old Houlihan for whatever they wanted in the way of clothes. There were no other children. Bertrace had the track all to herself.

She had met Herbert Hanafin at a fair held under the auspices of the United Italian benevolent societies, and loved him deeply. They were to be married in the fall. It would save coal, Mr. Houlihan said, but Bertrace only laughed a little, light, sunny, three-for-ten-cents laugh, and said her darling papa was quite too awfully quiet.

* * * * * * *

It was July. From a cloudless sky the sun beat down with pitiless fury upon a railroad. Near by was a grove, from whence proceeded the sounds of laughter. A train stood on the siding. Three brakemen were asleep in the front car. This train had bro't the excursionists to the grove. It was waiting to take them back.

Come with me to the grove. Bertrace Houlihan is the centre of a merry group. In her hands she holds a custard pie. Some one calls. She places the pie on a chair, and turns to see what is wanted.

Herbert Hanafin joins the party. I am tired," he says, and sits down on the chair.

Instinctively he feels that a mistake has been made.

"If it is discovered," he says to himself, "I shall be overwhelmed with ridicule, and lose Bertrace. She could never love a man with a custard pie on his pants."

Bertrace again joined the party and greeted Herbert affectionately. She was about to ask for the pie, when a look from Herbert told her all.

"Would I betray him for a paltry pie?" she murmured. "No, not for a whole bakery."

Herbert was saved.

Such is the power of love.

Beware, Ladies—Don't Read.

This Powder is Death to Rats.
We Know we'll wager ten cents to a farthing
If a rat eats the least bit of it somehow
It's sure to get at it somehow
But you bet she'll find it out somehow:
It's something she ought not to know,
If her beau gets already read—
If she had to stand on her head.

Woman's Curiosity.

If there's anything worries a woman
It's something she ought not to know,
But you bet she'll find it out somehow:
If she eats the least bit of a show:
Now we'll wager ten cents to a farthing
This poem she'll already read—
If she had to stand on her head.

IN all rheumatic diseases rely wholly on PERUNA. At new drug store, Ebensburg.

FACTS CONCERNING JAY GOULD.

The other morning while Mr. Cole, the proprietor of the coming circus and menagerie of that name, was picking his teeth on the steps of the Russ house, a tall, sun-burned, bald-headed man, with pine burrs in his clothes, a stick of sassafras in his mouth, approached and said:

"Be you the wild animal man, mister?"

"The proprietor of the Double Mastodon Aggregation" admitted that such was the fact.

"Then," proceeded the party from the mountains, "I think I'll get you to make an offer for a large sized healthy California lion I've got."

"Good specimen, eh?" asked the circus man.

"Good? Well I should say so. Measures eleven feet from the tip of his nose to the tip of his tail. Caught him myself when a cub. Just four years old to-morrow."

"Hum—good appetite?"

"Appetite?—Great Scott, appetite!—Well, I should smile—that's just the point—that's just why I'm parting with Jay—I call him Jay Gould because he takes everything in. If it wasn't for his appetite, and the quest little things it makes him do, I wouldn't part with Gould for a fortune.

"Savage, eh?"

"Well, no: I don't know as I could call Jay savage, exactly—sorter nibbish, though, may be. Has a kinder habit of gnawing up things, so to speak. In fact the neighbors—I live up at Bladder's Peak—have gotten to be so fussy and particular of late that I can't so much as unchain J. G. for a little fresh air without their getting grumpy over it."

"There's no pleasing some people," said the hippodromer.

"I should say not. Now, f'instance, 'bout three months after Jay got to be as big as a boarding-house sofa, I came home one day from a picnic and found he had eaten up old Aunt Maria, who had been left at home to mind the house—leastwise she was nowhere to be found; and as Jay Gould seemed sorter bulgy like, and kept coughing up hairpins and false teeth for a day or two, we kinder suspicioned the whole thing.

"Maternal aunt?" inquired the showman, thoughtfully.

"Exactly. My wife took on dreadfully at first, and wanted me to shoot Jay right off. But I told her that he probably suffered more as it was, and that as most likely he would catch the rheumatism and things from the remains, we'd better call it square."

"And did she?"

"Well, she kinder got reconciled after a while, especially as Jay seemed fond of playing with the children. One morning soon after that my wife's mother—whole family lived with me, you see—didn't come down to breakfast. As all her false hair was hanging over a chair back, and Gould crawled out from under the bed licking his chops, and with his tongue a good deal coated—mother-in-law was always taking something for the liver complaint—we saw at once it was another visitation from Providence, and that the heavy hand of affliction was again upon us."

"Looked that way, didn't it?"

"Well, as you may suppose, the old lady—that's my wife—pranced around a good deal then, and got down the breech-loader right away. But just then there arrived a gold medal from the S. P. C. A. society, awarded on account of my forbearance in the Aunt Maria business, and so I got her calmed down after awhile."

"Pacified her, eh?"

"Yes; I managed to arrange a reprieve for Jay, somehow. You see I was awful fond of pets and tender-hearted animals and all that, you understand. I argued that the poor animal didn't know that he was doing wrong—merciful man is merciful to his beast, etc., etc. That smoothered things over for another month."

"What happened then?"

"Well, one day I sent Tommy, our youngest boy, down to the store for sugar. He took Jay along for company. Now, whether it was because Jay was fond of sugar or not but he came home alone, and as soon as we noticed a kind of bulge on his ribs, about as big as Tommy, we concluded that the dread archer had marked another Skidmore—my name is Skidmore—for his own. The whole family took on like mad, and Mrs. Skid was about to shove the powder keg under J. G. and touch it off herself, when I pointed out that it wouldn't do to desecrate our offsprings tomb in that way. So I just had the burial service read over the lion and tied crape around his neck for thirty days. How does that strike you?"

"After that you kept the animal chained?"

"Well, no. The fact is I set out to get a chain several times, but one thing and another prevented, until one day last week I actually missed the old lady herself. I looked around for a couple of days, when somehow of a sudden I sorter intentioned where she was. I gave Gould about half a pint of emetic right away, but all I could get out of him was a pair of high heeled shoes and a chest protector. It was too late—too late: We put the shoes and things in a coffin, and had Jay led behind the hearse to the cemetery. Wanted to have as much of the corpse present as possible don't you see? We had the animal all decorated with flowers and things, as fine as you please. Folks say it was the touchiest thing that ever took place in them parts," and the bereaved husband sighed heavily.

"Don't wonder you want to sell the beast," remarked the menagerie man, after a pause.

"Well, I sorter do, and sorter don't," said Mr. Skidmore, abstractedly. "There's so many memories and things clustering around J. G.—seems kinder like parting with one's family burying lot, as it were. On the other hand, though, now that the old lady is gone, I sorter feel as if the insect had—well, outlived his usefulness, so to speak. So suppose I just have this box hauled around to your show after the performance this after noon, and see if we can't strike a bargain."

"All right," said the manager, "I'm going up Salt Lake way after while, and perhaps I can work him off for big money to some of the Mormon elders."

"There's a mint of coin in him as a family pet," said the other earnestly.

And after striking the circus proprietor for a season deadhead, the widower shouldered his umbrella and drifted sadly down street.
—*San Francisco Post.*

THE czar's fear of Nihilists does not confine him strictly to one apartment. When he gets tired of sitting on the water-bucket down in the well, he can be drawn up and crawl into a large empty cannon near by and lay down and rest. His legs, at last accounts, were just as sound as anybody's.

THE CROWNING CRIME OF THE AGE!

Attempted Assassination of the President of the United States.

The Damnable Deed of a Deliberate but Demented Desperado who Proclaims Himself a Stalwart of Stalwarts.

A Shot that Pierced Every Heart in the Land.

Great Grief and Indignation throughout the Civilized World.

The President Still Living and, Thank God! in a Fair Way to Recover.

WASHINGTON, July 2.—The President was shot at 9:28 this morning as he was entering the Baltimore and Potomac depot to take the train for Long Branch. Others of the party had taken seats in the train, and the President and Secretary Blaine entered arm in arm. As they reached the ladies' waiting room a man who stood on the right of the President raised his arm and deliberately fired two shots from a revolver, exclaiming as he did so: "Now we will have Arthur for President!" The first shot struck the President in the arm. The President and Secretary seemed too much bewildered to realize the situation. Blaine shouted: "Where is Col. Rockwell?"

The assassin immediately fired again, this shot taking effect in the President's side and causing the victim to sink to the floor. Col. Rockwell and several police officers came at once to his assistance, and he was carried to the Superintendent's room on the floor above. The President did not say a word when first shot. Meanwhile the assassin was seized by parties standing near, and would have been torn to pieces but for the efforts of the police. He was taken across Pennsylvania avenue to the police station, and there it was discovered that his name was Charles Guiteau, an attorney-at-law, from Chicago, Ill.

The prisoner is a young man, about 5 feet 6 inches in height, and weighs probably 130 pounds. He was at one time U. S. Consul to Marseilles, and has been hanging around the White House and Departments for several days acting so strangely that attaches thought he was crazy. He was noticed in the White House grounds at dusk yesterday evening. This morning he engaged a carriage at a livery stable, saying that he wanted a fast team as he wished to stop at the depot only a minute and then go over to Arlington. Later accounts say that he tried to escape after firing the shots, and that he said nothing until he was captured, when he exclaimed: "I have shot President Garfield: Arthur is now President: I am a Stalwart, and this has been done." He has been lodged in the District jail and is allowed to see no one. The weapon used was a revolver about seven inches long, with an ivory handle and calibre very large. It is what is known as a California pistol, and made a very loud report. When arrested the prisoner said: "I did it, and want to be arrested. I am a Stalwart, and Arthur is President now. I have a letter here that I want you to give to Gen. Sherman. It will explain everything. Take me to the police station."

SECRETARY BLAINE'S ACCOUNT.

"The President and I were walking arm in arm towards the train," said Mr. Blaine immediately after the shooting, "when I heard two shots and saw a man running. I started after him, but seeing that he had been grabbed just as he got out of the room, I came back to the President and found him lying on the floor."

PROMPT MEDICAL AID.

Drs. Bliss and Reyburn were at the depot at the time, and went at once to the President's aid. Drs. Lincoln and Townsend were also summoned without delay. A hurried consultation was held, and at 10:20 A. M. an ambulance was called and the wounded Executive lifted into it. Col. Rockwell and two police officers also took seats therein, and the vehicle started for the White House.

AS TOLD BY POLICEMAN KEARNEY.

"After descending from his carriage the President, accompanied by Secretary Blaine, walked through the ladies' parlor and had entered the large reception room in the main portion of the depot, when two pistol shots were fired in rapid succession. The crowd screamed: 'He's shot the President! Arrest the man!' The assassin was making his way as fast as possible out of the building thro' the ladies' parlor and towards the B street door, a carriage being there to take him away. I threw myself before him, seized him by both arms between the elbows and shoulders and held him as with a vise. The pistol was in his hand when I first saw him, and he had just put it into his coat pocket when I seized him. Kearney secured the pistol and hurried the man to the station house."

STORY OF AN EYE-WITNESS.

Simon Camacho, the minister of Venezuela to the United States, who is a personal friend of both President Garfield and Secretary Blaine, was an eye-witness of the shooting of the President. He told the following story of the attempt to murder the President:

"I had made arrangements to come to New York; also to accompany some of the members of General Blaine's family, at Mrs. Lockwood's, Long Branch. While waiting for them I saw the carriage containing President Garfield and Secretary Blaine driving up to the depot. To the depot I walked, the carriage halting until the bell sounded, announcing the time for the train's departure, when the President and Secretary entered arm in arm.

"How many persons were there in the room at the time of the shooting?"

"Only three or four. At the sound of the bell all the people with the exception of myself went out upon the platform where the train was about to start. I was waiting for my party. A gentleman accompanied by two ladies followed the President and Secretary toward the train. They just bowed to the President and Secretary when suddenly the man called Guiteau appeared, from where I know not, pistol in hand. He took the pistol from his pocket, and, in a crouching attitude, stealthily approached President Garfield who was unconscious of his presence.

"Why did you not give some warning, or rush upon the assassin and disarm him?"

"The man moved so rapidly that I had scarcely time to comprehend the situation before the shots were fired. I endeavored to knock the pistol from his hands, but the large steam heater which separated us prevented me from reaching him in time to frustrate his fiendish design. When the shots were fired the assassin was standing

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.,
FRIDAY, - - - - JULY 15, 1881.

ASTRONOMERS discovered last week that the tail of the comet had split in two parts. In this respect it resembles the split in the Republican party, but, as the Philadelphia *Record* remarks, "there is room enough in the universe for all the pieces."

THE latest news we can give our readers up to the time of going to press this (Thursday) afternoon in regard to the condition of the President, is the dispatch of the attending physicians at 4 P. M. on Wednesday, representing his symptoms as still favorable. While this statement is very encouraging, and while the physicians continue to speak hopefully of the propects of recovery, the danger is by no means past, though every succeeding day lessens the fear of a fatal termination.

THE New York *Tribune* says that Jefferson Davis expressed his sympathy with the President, in a letter written on the third day after the attempted assassination, while Conkling waited *five* days before making any sign. Davis says: "I am thankful that the assassin was not a Southern man, but will say that I regret that he is an American. The crime black enough in itself, has a deeper dye from the mercenary motive which seems to have prompted it. I sincerely trust that the President may recover."

DEPEW AND WHEELER, the two leading Republican candidates before the New York Legislature for the vacated seats of Conkling and Platt, withdrew from the contest on Friday last, and at a Republican caucus held that evening, attended by sixty-five members Warner Miller and E. G. Lapham, both of whom are members of Congress, were nominated in their stead. The Conkling men refused to attend the caucus. The ballots on Saturday and Monday resulted in there being no choice, Conkling's supporters defiantly voting for him and also for Crowley, who took Platt's place several days ago on account, as is alleged, of Platt having been caught in a room at his hotel with a woman who bore no resemblance to Mrs. Platt.

IT is suggested by some newspapers that the President ought to be supplied with some sort of a guard to protect him from assassins. The idea is preposterous. They didn't save the late Emperor of Russia from being murdered by the explosion of a bomb filled with dynamite, although he was surrounded by his guard. Does any sane man suppose that if Abraham Lincoln had been accompanied to Ford's theatre by a squadron of cavalry, they could have saved him from the murderous bullet of Wilkes Booth? No number of guards could protect a President from assassination at the hands of a man intent upon his murder and always on the alert for an opportunity to commit it. Every man in this country, from the President down to the humblest citizen, goes about with his life in his hand, trusting only to such protection as the well-being of society has provided.

A SHORT time before the shooting of the President, Gen. Hancock addressed a letter to him asking him as a personal favor to appoint Col. Wm. G. Mitchel, one of his (Hancock's) aides-de-camp, Assistant Adjutant General of the army, the office being then vacant. On Friday evening, the day before he was shot, Gen. Garfield replied to Gen. Hancock's letter, informing him in a very pleasant and friendly tone that he had conferred the appointment on Col. Mitchell, and after apologizing for depriving Hancock's staff of an excellent officer, concluded as follows: "While your staff, General, loses an ornament, the army gains an Assistant Adjutant General of whom it may well be proud." This was the last letter written by Garfield before he was shot down the next morning in the Washington railroad depot, and by a singular coincidence was addressed to his opponent in the last Presidential campaign.

JUDGE PEARSON, before whom the application for a mandamus against the State Treasurer commanding him to pay $500 to Mr. Wolfe, of Union county, for fifty days' service as a member of the House beyond one hundred, was argued on the 28th and 29th of June, has not yet rendered a decision, having stated at the conclusion of the argument that he would give the question full and ample consideration. As we have already said, the question at issue between Mr. Wolfe, who represents the entire Legislature in this proceeding, and the Treasurer, will go to the Supreme Court, no matter how Judge Pearson may decide it. He is an able and experienced Judge, having sat on the bench over thirty years, and when he delivers his opinion in the case it will command very general respect, whatever view of the disputed point he may adopt. It is not out of place in this connection to state that when Gov. Hoyt signed the general apportionment bill last week, he filed a protest against that portion of it which provided for the extra fifty days' pay.

ONE of the last official acts of the President on the day before the attempt was made upon his life, was the appointment of that wrinkled, antediluvian office-holder, Hannibal Hamlin, of Maine, as Minister to Spain, —salary $12,000 per annum. When this old and venerable functionary appears before Alfonso, the youthful king of Spain, to present his credentials, the latter will see standing before him as the American Minister to his court a man who in his own country began holding office away back in 1836, when Alfonso's mother, Queen Isabella, was a little girl only six years old, and who has never been out of office more than three months at a time since that date—a man of leaden brain, but honest purpose, who has been Speaker of the House in his own State, Governor, member of Congress, U. S. Senator, Collector of Boston, Vice President and again Senator—the identical man who boasted in Washington last winter that up to that time he had never used an overcoat, simply because he never felt as if he needed one. Hamlin could give young Alfonso some interesting points about office-holding in the great Republic of the West.

As might have been expected, Grant expressed some very original views in reference to the attempted assassination of the President, declaring that it was the "work either of an insane man or an Nihilist," and that "if it was the act of an Nihilist it is time this country suppressed Nihilism." There is not and there cannot be any Nihilism in this country. It is the spawn of tyranny and oppression and can only flourish under the iron heel of a despotism like Russia, where the great mass of the people have no rights except the right of banishment to the inhospitable and frigid regions of Siberia. In this free Republic, where universal suffrage prevails, the doctrines of the Russian Nihilists can never make a permanent lodgment. Guiteau, instead of being a Nihilist, was a model Republican, with all that the name implies. He was "converted" under the ministrations of Moody and Sankey, was prominent in the Young Men's Christian Association of Chicago, denounced infidels like Bob Ingersoll, gave the Pope no quarter, and abused and lied about the Democratic party without stint. Take him all in all, he was a most proper man to mount the stump last all in New York against Gen. Hancock.

THE attempt a week ago last Saturday morning to assassinate President Garfield was so exceptionally wicked and atrocious, so absolutely causeless, that it not only shocked the whole country, but created a feeling of horror throughout the civilized world. The murder of the Emperor of Russia in the streets of St. Petersburg, only a few months ago, was the natural outcome of an organized conspiracy against the head of a despotic government, and was, therefore, not altogether unexpected. But that in this free and prosperous country, which is at peace with all the world, and is the home of a happy and contented people, a man could be found among its fifty millions of inhabitants so abandoned and reckless as to attempt to snuff out the life of the official head of the Republic—almost persuades one to believe in the total depravity of human nature. The perpetrator, Charles Guiteau, has insisted from the time of his arrest, and still insists, that he himself conceived the idea of shooting President Garfield, and that no one else had previous knowledge of his intention. That this statement is true is admitted at Washington, after a complete and thorough investigation of the case, embracing its most minute details. It would be a relief to the whole country if it could be convinced that Guiteau is insane, and therefore not legally responsible for his crime; but he vehemently protests against the insanity theory in his behalf, and alleges that he knew full well what he was about to do, his motive being, as he declared, to save the Republican party from destruction. This reason of itself somewhat staggers our belief in his sanity, but as that question will be determined by a jury, it is useless to discuss it now. The crisis through which the country has just passed, with no feeling of alarm, or doubt, or despair of the government, gives assurance to the world that the people of the United States will quietly and calmly, yet firmly, meet all emergencies that may confront them in the great work of solving the problem of self-government.

As for the President himself, there is but one wish prevading the entire country, and that is that his condition may continue to improve as it has done up to the present, and that the bullet of the assassin will fail in accomplishing its terrible and infamous purpose.

IF the President should unfortunately die, Chester A. Arthur, the Vice President, would succeed him for the remainder of his term. But suppose Arthur should either die a natural death or be taken off by a bullet fired by some other disappointed office-seeker like Guiteau, laboring under the delusion that Arthur was running the Republican party into the ground, and that the only way to save it was to shoot him down, what then? That contingency is provided for in the constitution itself, and the President *pro tem* of the Senate would then assume and discharge the duties of the Presidential office. It happens, however, that for the first time in the history of the country there is now no President *pro tem* of the Senate. Why so? The answer to this question exposes the true character of Chester A. Arthur, as well as of Roscoe Conkling, his guide, counsellor, and friend—the man who claims to have "invented" Arthur, and who really did so. When Conkling and Platt resigned their seats in the Senate it placed the Democrats in the majority, and a few days before the final adjournment the Republican members held a caucus and declared by a resolution that the election by the Democrats of Senator Harris, of Tennessee, would be entirely satisfactory. All that Arthur had to do was to vacate the chair before the Senate separated and permit the election to take place. He didn't do it, fearing that the election of a Democrat like Harris would injure Conkling in the New York Legislature. This is the reason for the present non-existence of a President *pro tem* of the Senate, and shows what kind of a man Arthur is. Nor is there any Speaker of the House who would come last in the order of succession. Should the contingency to which we are referring happen, the good sense of the American people, and their settled determination to preserve the Republic, would manfully face the crisis and find a peaceful solution of the difficulty.

THE Washington correspondent of the New York *World*, in furnishing that paper with some of the incidents that daily transpire in the sick room of the President, relates the following conversation as having occurred during the afternoon of Saturday last: Mr. Garfield turning to Col. Rockwell said, "Is it true that the Catholic Church has offered Masses for me?" "Yes," was the reply. "Was it spontaneous or ordered?" asked the President. "Both, as I have been told," was Col. Rockwell's answer. The President seemed to be sensibly touched by this evidence of regard, and after a brief pause said: "I shall have to recognize this in some way when I get well;" and would have gone on to express himself further had he not been requested to abstain from talking. This conversation, as narrated by the correspondent of the *World*, no doubt took place, but both the President and Col. Rockwell are mistaken. Masses are said by the Catholic Church, both for the living and the dead, but can never be celebrated except for one within the pale of the Church. Colonel Rockwell, as well as the person who previously mentioned the matter to the President, evidently confounded the offering of Masses for him with the circular letter issued by several Archbishops and Bishops of the Catholic Church soon after they learned of the attempted assassination of the President, copies of which were mailed to the pastors of all the churches within their jurisdiction, asking them to request the congregations to pray for the recovery of the President and implore God "to prevent the sad calamity of the loss of the Chief Magistrate of the nation." The prompt action of these bishops of the Church received, as it deserved, the commendations of the representative press of the country.

DEATH OF BISHOP KERFOOT.—Rt. Rev. John Barrett Kerfoot, Bishop of the Episcopal Diocese of Pittsburg, died at Myersdale, Somerset county, between 7 and 8 o'clock on Sunday night, in the sixty-fifth year of his age. In June, last year, Bishop Kerfoot, his son, Rev. Abel Kerfoot, and his two daughters, were taken ill with scarlet fever. With the exception of Mrs. Kerfoot, the entire family were down with the disease at the same time. Death claimed the son. Both of the daughters recovered, but the shock resulting from the death of his son, in the prime of life, was very severe on the Bishop. The disease also lurked in him, and some months afterward his affliction was still more grievous by a stroke of paralysis. For a year past the Bishop was not able to attend to his official duties.

Bishop Kerfoot was a remarkable man. Born in the north of Ireland, he came to this country at an early age. Having acquired a broad and liberal education he took up the work of the Church. His first position of note was the Presidency of St. John's College, at Hagerstown, Md. He served for many years faithfully and efficiently. St. John's College was destroyed by fire about 1864 or 1865, and Dr. Kerfoot was then called to the Presidency of Trinity College, Hartford, Conn. About this time the Episcopal Diocese of Pennsylvania was divided, the Diocese of Pittsburg was erected, and the name of President Kerfoot was recommended to the Conference for the new Bishopric by Rev. Dr. Van Dusen, pastor of St. Peter's, and Rev. Dr. Swoope, pastor of Trinity church. Both of these distinguished divines were well acquainted with Dr. Kerfoot and on their representations he was elected. On January 25, 1865, Dr. Kerfoot was consecrated as Bishop of the new Diocese, and has ever since fulfilled the duties of his office with great zeal, care and efficiency. The cause of Episcopalianism has flourished wonderfully under his able management.

THE Carlisle *Volunteer* mildly remarks that the poor and the *Legislative Record* we have always with us. The enterprising publisher of the *Record* continues to issue it just the same as if our wise men were still sailing in the tub at Harrisburg.

A Bishop's Pastoral Letter.

The late attempt to assassinate the Chief Magistrate of the country, was the fitting occasion for Bishop Gilmour, of Cleveland, to issue a Pastoral Letter to the clergy and laity of his diocese, the full text of which we would lay before our readers had we the space to do so, but as we have not, we must content ourselves with the publication of some of its concluding paragraphs. The Pastoral is a very able and conservative production, replete with sound advice and timely admonition, and from its commencement to its close cannot fail to command the willing assent of every right-minded, patriotic citizen of the country. The Bishop says in concluding:

"It is our duty to pray for our rulers, and lawmakers, for all in authority that they may be guided by wise counsels, that they may be God-fearing men, and that they may learn that they are for the people, not the people for them. It is our duty to pray for the chief magistrate of the nation, that God may restore him to health, temper his actions with mercy and justice, strengthen his hands to guide and direct the destinies of the country, and to enlighten him to choose the right and reject the wrong, not forgetting that his office makes his person sacred and law gives him the power and right to obedience.

"It is also our duty to pray for our common country; that peace may reign within; that unity and brotherly love shall guide citizen and citizen in their intercourse one with another; that religious strifes and contentions shall cease; that the weak shall be protected against the strong, and that no man shall suffer injustice; that life and property shall be protected and that law and order shall prevail. We must lay aside sectional strife and enmities. There must be no North, no South, in our common country. No matter what our politics or religion, we must obey just law and respect the magistrate. Law is above the individual, and before it society must bow. We will fail as a nation, as men fail as individuals, if we assume that law has its origin in man. Law comes from God and has its power from God. When men assume that they have a right to accept or reject the law of God according as it suits them, they cannot consistently refuse to permit men the right to accept or reject the law of the State according as it suits them. But such doctrine is fatal to the existence of society. Yet is it proclaimed as fitting for God.

"If we would live as a nation and prosper as a people we must draw nearer to God; we must make His law our law, and learn that neither State nor individual can live and prosper except on virtue; but virtue comes from religion, and religion comes from God.

"Calamities such as at present the country mourns are but unto punishment the sufferer: they are in punishment for the sins of the people, and are sent or permitted by God to humble nations and teach them dependence. In our pride we have forgotten Almighty God, in His mercy He will chastise us and bring us back to Him. May this be the result of the terrible calamity that has befallen the country. May our hearts be drawn nearer to God. May our hearts be less filled with a lust for gold and a lust for power. May purity, sobriety, reverence, and unity, be more cherished. May honesty and truth become our watchwords and thus in the fear of God and with unity and peace among all we may live as a nation and prosper as a people.

"To ask God to grant peace and unity, and an increase of religion and virtue among all, there will be added for one month the prayer *Pro Pace* in all Masses, and in all churches of the Diocese there will be recited, for the same time and intention, five Our Fathers and five Hail Mary's immediately after all public services.

"The above will be read on the first Sunday after its reception in all the churches in the Diocese, and the Rev. Clergy with such remarks as the occasion suggests, urging the people to calmness and resignation under the chastening hand of God. And may the peace and blessing of God be upon you all."

THE OLD WRETCHED STORY.—Concerning Gen. Rosseau's son, who recently died in a poor house in Massachusetts, the Indianapolis *Journal* says:

He had deserted from the regular army, and became a poor, miserable tramp. It is the old story. Gen. Rosseau was for many years an Indianian, and at one time a member of the Legislature. He was a brilliant man, of splendid physique and bearing. If his boy had been sold that he was a magnificent looking officer in the service. To such a man the future looked very bright. It was easy for him to achieve what less gifted man labored in vain to accomplish. And yet he allowed the only boy from the life of a tramp and a death in the poor house. It was easy to supply him with money, and he was given places such as few boys get to make room for him in the government service, but it was not possible to make a man of him. The case is not peculiar. It is one of thousands, and in all the nation to blame. A time comes when money, friends, education, avail nothing to counteract the mistake of the parent in the boyhood of his child. It is said that among the tramps and outcasts of the country there is no one condition to over indulgence in youth, than to poverty and hardships. Statistics on this point, accurately made up, would tell a sad tale. No sermon or lecture could equal it. The father, made sturdy and strong by a youth of poverty, in his ignorance and fondness proceeds deliberately to ruin his children. Each labor that made him a man is regarded as disgraceful to his children. The lesson that poverty taught him are never taught his children, and generation after generation follows on, but who but think of Gen. Rossean a few years since the flower of manhood a man among a million, glorious to look upon, and his poor boy to-day dies a wretched tramp in the poor-house. Who can say where the blame rests?

THAT MYSTERIOUS RAILROAD.—The mystery surrounding the engineer corps surveying in this and adjoining counties, which has excited a deal of speculation and curiosity, to say nothing of comment, doubtless has its solution in the granting of a charter on Wednesday by the State Department to the Pittsburg and Clearfield Railroad Company, for the term of 999 years. This road is to be constructed from a point in or near Chambersburg to a point on Clearfield creek, in the township of Beccaria, in the county of Clearfield, the length of said road to be 136 miles and to run through the counties of Franklin, Huntingden, Blair, Cambria and Clearfield. Capital stock $816,000. The officers of the company are: President, Thomas Sherman, Philadelphia; Directors, Edwin J. McConaughy, Robert M Jannev, B. Price, Walter Clark, Charles D. Barney and William F. Hirons, all of Philadelphia.—*Altoona Sun.*

WHO SAW IT FIRST?—The question of who discovered the present comet has become a most momentuous one. Over 500 persons have laid claim to the honor and the Warner Prize of $200, and all of them are within comparatively the same time. It is desirable that no injustice be done in this matter, and to this end all parties who saw the comet during the week ending June 25th, or previously, will please forward their claims without delay to Prof. Swift, Director of the Warner Observatory, Rochester, N. Y. It is certain the discovery was made by a private individual, but who that individual is remains to be seen.

HOW SHE SAVED MONEY.—"For nearly six year, my daughter was most of the time on a sick-bed from kidney and other disorders peculiar to women. We had used up our savings on doctors and prescriptions without any benefit. Our dominie advised us to try Parker's Ginger Tonic, and four bottles effected a marvelous cure. As it has been our only medicine since, and a dollar's worth has kept our family well over a year, we have been able to lay by a little money again for a rainy day."—A Poor Man's Wife. Sold by E. James, Druggist, Ebensburg, Pa. [6-17.-1m.]

A PATRIOTIC party of twenty-three persons assembled at noon, July 4, on the summit of Uncompahgre, a mountain peak, 14,508 feet above the sea level, to erect a pole, hoist the American flag and do honor to the day. While the work was in progress Colonel Irvine and J. F. Singleton were violently shocked by a stroke of lightning, and soon afterward the pole was rent into splinters, Mr. W. H. Hasbottle having his right arm burned. After this warning the party retreated to the lower level.

GOOD WORDS FROM DRUGGISTS.—"Malt Bitters are the best 'bitters.'"

"They promote sleep and allay nervousness."

"Best Liver and Kidney medicine we sell."

"They knock the 'Chills' every time."

"Consumptive people gain flesh on them."

"Malt Bitters have no rivals in this town."

"Best thing for nursing mothers we have."

"We like to recommend Malt Bitters."

[7-1.-1m.]

ARCHBISHOP GIBBONS, of Baltimore, has issued a circular letter urging the people of the various congregations to pray during Mass for the President's recovery, and directing the clergy to say on Sunday next the Litany of the Saints, "as at once entreating God to spare his life, and also as making an act of expiation for a crime which appertains to us as a nation, and not only concerns but tarnished us all."

DYSPEPSIA AND LIVER COMPLAINT.—Is it not worth the small price of 75 cents to free yourself from every symptom of these distressing complaints? If you think so, call at E. James' Drug Store, Ebensburg, Pa., and procure a bottle of Shiloh's Vitalizer. Every bottle has a printed guarantee on it. Use accordingly and if it does you no good it will cost you nothing. [4-8.-e.o.w.1y.]

MR. THOMAS MCCHESNEY, accompanied by his daughter, was driving a horse and buggy across the track of the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago Railroad, on Sunday, at Hayes Crossing, near Wampum, beyond Pittsburg, when the vehicle was struck by the fast line going west, instantly killing Mr. McC. and injuring his daughter so severely that her life is despaired of.

MISS ISABELLA HILL, Allegheny City, Pa., had Chronic Catarrh; is well from the use of PERUNA. At new drug store, Ebensburg.

NEWS AND OTHER NOTINGS.

—Guiteau, the assassin, was a Lieutenant-Colonel in the Union army.

—During June, an extraordinary and unprecedented quantity of snow fell on the Alps.

—Samuel Anderson, of West Deer township, Allegheny county, was killed by lightning on Friday.

—The Pennsylvania State Teachers' Association will hold its next meeting at Washington, Pa., July 26-28.

—General Grant had a Fourth of July token in the person of a grandson. Mrs. Fred. Grant is the author of the new edition.

—John Conroy, while washing windows on the eighth story of the Palmer House at Chicago on Friday, fell, and died soon after.

—Nearly 400 of the 800 cattle in the feeding barns of J. Firmenich, at Buffalo, perished in a fire which destroyed the barns on Friday.

—The town of Barnegat, in New Jersey, has a perverse boy. He is eighteen years old, but, up to a few years ago, never spoke a word.

—A butcher at Minersville, Schuylkill county, while dressing a steer recently, found a pair of scissors six inches long in the animal's stomach.

—Mattie Cole, of Johnstown, N. Y., whose lover was drowned a few weeks ago, has died of brain fever caused by grief. She was buried by his side.

—The man who was "wounded just where the President was" is now rapidly coming to the front with a claim for distinction that he never before seems to have thought of.

—Recent thrilling events have directed attention from Roscoe Conkling for such an eumitles. There must be no North, no South, in our common country. No matter what our politics or religion, we must obey just law and respect the magistrate. Law is above the individual, and before it society must bow. We will fail as a nation, as men fail as individuals, if we assume that law has its origin in man. Law comes from God and has its power from God. When men assume that they have a right to accept or reject the law of God according as it suits them, they cannot consistently refuse to permit men the right to accept or reject the law of the State according as it suits them. But such doctrine is fatal to the existence of society. Yet is it proclaimed as fitting for God.

"If we would live as a nation and prosper as a people we must draw nearer to God; we must make His law our law, and learn that neither State nor individual can live and prosper except on virtue; but virtue comes from religion, and religion comes from God.

"Calamities such as at present the country mourns are but unto punishment the sufferer: they are in punishment for the sins of the people, and are sent or permitted by God to humble nations and teach them dependence. In our pride we have forgotten God, in His mercy He will chastise us and bring us back to Him. May this be the result of the terrible calamity that has befallen the country. May our hearts be drawn nearer to God. May our hearts be less filled with a lust for gold and a lust for power. May purity, sobriety, reverence, and unity, be more cherished. May honesty and truth become our watchwords and thus in the fear of God and with unity and peace among all we may live as a nation and prosper as a people.

"To ask God to grant peace and unity, and an increase of religion and virtue among all, there will be added for one month the prayer *Pro Pace* in all Masses, and in all churches of the Diocese there will be recited, for the same time and intention, five Our Fathers and five Hail Mary's immediately after all public services.

"The above will be read on the first Sunday after its reception in all the churches in the Diocese, and the Rev. Clergy with such remarks as the occasion suggests, urging the people to calmness and resignation under the chastening hand of God. And may the peace and blessing of God be upon you all."

—At Lyons, O., some time ago the post-office was robbed and since that time Postmaster C. E. Carmon has been watchful for the burglars. Early Sunday morning his attention was aroused by seeing a figure on the roof of the house, and he fired the contents of a breech-loading carbine through the head of the supposed burglar. Examination revealed the horrible fact that he had killed his 14-year-old son, Elmer, who had gone out either in a fit of somnambulism or to seek relief from the terrible heat.

—The death rate in New York has reached frightful proportions, especially among children under ten years of age. It has been unusually heavy for some months, and for the last few weeks has increased steadily. For the week ending June 17 there were 637 deaths; June 24, 690; July 2, 906, and last week 1144 deaths were recorded. There is no epidemic to account for this terrible death rate, and it can only be ascribed to the generally bad sanitary condition of the city, and the dangers and suffering to which children are exposed in crowded tenements.

—The dead bodies of thirteen men, members of surveying parties on the line of the Mexican Central Railroad, were found a few days ago at the Low Hills, forty miles from El Paso. It is supposed they were murdered by marauding Indians, the remnant of Victorio's band. The south bound stage on the El Paso and Chihuahua route was attacked by Indians, about 100 miles south of El Paso, and four passengers and two drivers were killed. A report has also reached Los Cruces of the massacre of the whole Mexican Central Railway surveying party by Indians, in Old Mexico. A company of cavalry has been sent from Chihuahua to investigate the report.

—Mr. Garfield has, says the Lancaster *Intelligencer*, expressed himself as deeply moved by the solicitude manifested by the Catholic Church for his recovery. The Jews, too, have been singularly earnest in all parts of the country in the same behalf. Mr. Jefferson Davis joins with many earnest Southerners in expressions of profound sympa hy for Mr. Garfield, and Democratic Individuals and organizations have been foremost in offering their condolence. All these things may or may not presage the dawn of an "era of good feeling," but they prove that there is a good deal of humanity among a class of people who have been subject to the most malignant misrepresentation from Mr. Garfield's political and religions friends.

—Ladies, while silently suffering from your many forms of weakness and disorder, to you is given Dr. Faust's German Aromatic Wine, guaranteed to benefit and permanently cure both. A lady writes: "I gained eight pounds in three weeks on your German Aromatic Wine." Sold on a positive guarantee to invigorate, regulate and give new and permanent vital force. Are you a debilitated person, aged and feeble, or just recovering from the effects of exhausting mental or physical work? Revive the drooping energies, get new strength and rich blood by the prompt use of Dr. Faust's German Aromatic Wine. In no way can it be used as an intoxicant.—Ask Druggists. For sale by E. James, Druggist, Ebensburg, Pa. [4-1.-e.o.w.1y.]

—The afflicted assassination of President Garfield has called up some remarkable surgical reminiscences. Dr. Agnew, Dr. L. F. May of New York says he "saw Baron Larrey, Napoleon's great surgeon, extract a bullet from a soldier of the imperial guard at the Hospital of the Invalids in 1835. The soldier was shot in the abdomen in the region of the liver, supposed to be mortally, by the side of the emperor when he seized a standard and at the bridge of Lodi rallied his troops as they were giving away, and thus gained the day." The doctor adds that "Dame Nature after taking care of the bullet for over twenty-five years finally brought it safely to the surface in the lower part of the thigh." As the battle of the bridge of Lodi was fought in 1796, the soldier carried it in his body over thirty-nine years instead of twenty-five, which makes the case still more remarkable.

—An Oaxica dispatch received in the City of Mexico on the 8th inst. announced the killing of forty-nine persons by the falling of the roof of a church in San Mateo, but later dispatches say that the number killed will probably be much larger. The church was in an unfinished state, and workmen were on the roof putting the finishing touches to the structure, when the frame support upon which they were working broke and the roof fell into the body of the church, where, unfortunately, a number of persons had conerregated to attend the afternoon services, which usually begin about 5:30 o'clock. The congregation consisted mostly of women, many of whom were killed and wounded. Twenty of the workmen were instantly killed, and the rest badly wounded, a number of them having broken arms, ribs, etc. The accident occurred at 5 o'clock, and had it occurred half an hour later, when the services, which are generally largely attended, were being conducted, a terrible calamity would have been the result. Further details are anxiously awaited.

PAVING THE PATH FOR THE PRINTERS' PICNIC.—The following named members of the Executive Committee: Juniata Valley Printers' Association, to wit: E. Conrad, McVeytown *Journal*; George Shrom, Newport *Ledger*; Hugh Lindsay, Huntingdon *News*; R. H. Brainard, Curwensville *Times*; J. H. Irwin, Altoona *Radical*; J. F. Mickel, Bedford *Gazette*; B. A. McPike, Ebensburg *Freeman*, with Messrs. Buckingham and McGirr, of the Bedford *Inquirer and Gazette*, respectively, who on motion of Mr. Shrom were admitted as advisory members, met at Bedford on Friday, July 8th, and after canvassing the several hotels and boarding houses and ascertaining that accommodations could be obtained for the members of the Association and their ladies and families at rates ranging from $1 to $1.50 per day, with from one-half to two-third rates for small children, resolved upon Bedford as the place and Friday and Saturday, September 2d and 3d, as the time for holding the fourth annual picnic or excursion of the Association.

On motion, the selection of a band to accompany the excursion was left to the discretion of the Chairman and Secretary, who, on the principle that a good thing (?) ought to go round, selected the Senior Cornet Band of McVeytown.

On motion, the thanks of the Committee were extended to Mr. Charles E. Pugh, General Superintendent of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and to Mr. Geo. F. Gaze, Superintendent of the Huntingdon and Broad Top Railroad, for the generous courtesies extended to themselves and their ladies on the present occasion, as well as for the more general and to the extent the more generous courtesies anticipated and assured from the same sources in the near future.

On motion, the tender made by the Chalybeate Park Association, through Mr. Buckingham, of the free use of their elegant grounds for the coming picnic was appropriately acknowledged, but in view of the fact that the Association is to be largely provided for at the Bedford Springs Hotel, where the grounds are all that could be desired for the purpose, the courteous offer was very respectfully declined.

On motion, the thanks of the Association, by resolution of the Committee, were tendered to Col. Chas. F. Hatch, General Freight and Passenger Agent of the Shenandoah Valley Railroad, with office at Philadelphia, and to Col. J. F. Boyd, Superintendent of the Cumberland Valley Railroad, Chambersburg, for assurances given through Mr. Shrom that said corporation would be guided by the example of the Pennsylvania railroad officials in extending to the Association, if desired, the necessary transportation to and from the celebrated cave at Luray, Virginia.

On motion, Committee adjourned.

E. CONRAD, Chairman.
H. A. MCPIKE, Secretary.

ANSWER THIS QUESTION.—Why do so many people we see around us seem to prefer to suffer and be made miserable by indigestion, constipation, dizziness, loss of appetite, coming up of food, yellow skin, etc., when for 75 cts. E. James, Druggist, Ebensburg, Pa., will sell them Shiloh's Vitalizer, which is guaranteed to cure in every instance? [4-1.-e.o.w.1y.

CARDINAL MANNING told a deputation of Irish farm laborers who called on him in London last Saturday evening that the Land League would always have his sympathy so long as it kept within the law, and that the Land bill did not deal with the question of labor. He was of the opinion that a royal commission should investigate the condition of the laborers.

A GREAT ENTERPRISE.—The Hop Bitters Manufacturing Company is one of Rochester's greatest buisness enterprises. Their Hop Bitters have reached a sale beyond all precedent, having from their intrinsic value found their way into almost every household in the land.—*Graphic.* For sale at the new drug store, Ebensburg, Pa.

FREDERICK WRIGHT, of Wilkesbarre, Pa., attempted to murder his brother-in-law, Thomas A. Murphy, on Thursday, because the later had discharged him from his employ for getting drunk. He fired several shots at him without hitting him, when he was arrested and placed in jail.

DR. METTAUR'S HEADACHE AND DYSPEPSIA PILLS, price 25 cents, cure at once Headache, Dyspepsia, Billousness and Constipation. [6-21.-1m.]

LOCAL CORRESPONDENCE.

COMMENCEMENT DAY AT ST. FRANCIS' COLLEGE.
LORETTO, July 2, 1881.

DEAR FREEMAN—As usual, the commencement at St. Francis' College took place on the last Tuesday of June, on which occasion people from far and near flocked to that renowned institution.—Early in the morning of the 29th all visitors to St. Francis were cordially welcomed and courteously ushered into Washington Hall, where all awaited the forthcoming entertainment. At 9 o'clock Rt. Rev. Bishop Tuigg made his way to occupy the chair, above which was placed a grand canopy, beautifully decorated with roses, around him were seated Rev. Father Pollard, Rev. E. A. Bush, Rev H. S. Bowen, chaplain of the College, and many other Rev. clery from all parts of the diocese. The exercises began as soon as the Rev. Bishop took his seat. The following is a brief sketch of the programme. Part first consisted of an overture by the orchestra; Salutary by J. P. Green, of Johnstown; chorus by the students; recitation by Wm. Henry of Coleville, Pa; a debate on this topic. Resolved, "That Ireland has suffered more for her Faith than any other nation, not excepting Rome." Mr J. Ryan, of Johnstown, acted as chairman, and Messrs. T. F. Ryan, of Philadelphia, and Jos J. Ludden, of Johnstown, took the affirmative, while Messrs. M. J. Horan, of Johnstown, and F. C. Noel, of Munster, maintained the negative. The subject, through exposition was so well discussed that it was quite a task for the chairman to render a decision and to relieve himself of the duty solicited the Rt. Rev. Bishop to decide. The Bishop, in reply, said he could not draw a line of distinction, and at the same time gave the debaters great praise for their efforts. Part second began the entertaining farce entitled the 'Harvest Storm,' the time allotted for which, about forty minutes, passed almost unnoticed. After this came a Declamation by P. Brady, of Johnstown; a declamation by Mr. James Mallarkey, of Pittsburg, entitled "Shamus O'Brien," and finally came the valedictory, delivered by Mr. O. Wilkinson, of Ebensburg, who spoke out so manfully, the subject being a gem of its kind, that he gained for himself hosts of admirers. The literary exercises were followed by the awarding of the degree of Master of Accounts to Messrs. F. C. Noel, Munster, John Keenan, Hollidaysburg, and Henry Fink, Loretto, after which the distribution of premiums awarded to students for advancement in class, conduct and general discipline took place.

The Rt. Rev. Bishop arose after all was over and addressed the students in words of commendation and encouragement, saying among other things that the entertainment was beyond question a decided success, having been equal if not superior to any heretofore given at St. Francis'. His remarks met with a hearty applause from both studer ts and faculty.

Soon after the audience dispersed amid delightful music rendered by the orchestra, many of them to be ushered into the large dining room, where they partook of a bountiful dinner so hospitably provided by the good Brothers. And thus ended the annual commencement for 1881 at St Francis' College. SPECTATOR.

HEMLOCK, Pa., July 11, 1881.

DEAR FREEMAN—An accident occurred at the coal mines of W. H. Piper & Co., near Hemlock, on Saturday, by which a man named Campbell, aged upward of sixty years, was badly injured. More than five hundred pounds of coal and slate fell on him, crushing his shoulder and breaking his collarbone. His advanced age renders his recovery doubtful.

During a thunder storm on Thursday of last week the lightning struck the house of Mr. David Hoover, in this place. The electric fluid passed down the flue and stovepipe into a room, and thence through a partition into the hall, where Mr. Hoover and three of his children were sitting. All were stunned by the shock. Mr. H. and two of his children quite severely, as they were unconscious for some time. One little boy, about six years old, had his hair scorched, yet there was no mark of the lightning near where he was sitting.

Mechanical industry is also brightening up. Two classes in vocal music have been organized within a week past and their progress is something wonderful.

The coal mines which had been running rather slack for a month past are once more shipping their usual number of cars. Work of all kinds seems plenty, and loafers are as a consequence, few and far between.

Why can't we have a new school building here? The one in use is utterly unfit to accomodate the number of pupils who belong to the school. The education of youth should not be weighed in the scale with dollars and cents. The plea that the necessary funds are lacking should not stand in the way. A proposition of something like this could soon raise enough money to liquidate the cost of a new and more commodious building.

Very truly yours, C.

E. F. KUNKEL'S WORM SYRUP

Never fails to remove Pin, Seat, Thread, Round and Stomach Worms. In this age of inventions, it is very remarkable, but since the first symptoms of worms, a disease of the most dangerous character, are so little understood by the medical men of the present day. These parasites undergo the most curious transformations. They remain months, and even years in the body before they are fully developed. They only mature in parts of the body which communicate with the external air, as in the alimentary canal, or lungs, but generally in the former. E. F. Kunkel's Worm Syrup is the only specific known to them. Dr. Kunkel is the only successful physician who removes Tape Worm in two hours, alive with head, and no fee until removed). Common sense teaches if Tape Worm can be removed, all other worms can be readily destroyed. Advice at office and store free. The doctor can tell whether or not the patient has worms. Thousands are dying daily with worms and do not know it. Epilepsy, spasms, choking and suffocation, sallow complexion, circles around the eyes, swelling and pain in the stomach, restless nights, grating of the teeth, picking at the nose, cough, fever, itching at the anal, headache, foul breath, the patient grows pale and thin, tickling and irritation in the anus—all these symptoms and more caused by worms. E. F. Kunkel's Worm Syrup never fails to remove them. Price, $1 per bottle, or 6 bottles for $5. For Tape Worm write and consult the doctor. For all other buy of your druggist the Worm Syrup, and if he has it not, send to E. F. Kunkel, 209 N. Ninth St., Philadelphia, Pa. Advice by mail free; send 3c. stamp.

E. F. KUNKEL'S BITTER WINE OF IRON.

It has never been known to fail in the cure of weakness, attended with the following symptoms, indigestion, want of energy, loss of appetite, inability to exertion, loss of memory, difficulty of breathing, weakness, horror of disease, weak, nervous trembling, dreadful horror of death, night sweats, cold feet, shifting pains, languor, loss of muscular action, universal lassitude of the muscular system, enormous appetite with dyspeptic symptoms, hot hands, flushing of the body, dryness of the skin, pallid countenance and emaciation of the face, purifying the blood, pain in the back, heaviness of the eyelids, frequent black spots flying before the eyes with suffusion and loss of sight, want of attention, &c. Sold only by $1.00 bottle, or 6 bottles for $5.00. Get it of your druggist, if he has it not, send to proprietor, E. F. Kunkel, 209 N. Ninth St., Philadelphia, Pa. A pamphlet sent on receipt of 3 cent stamp.—Aschenbach & Miller, Sole Agents, 3d and Callowhill Streets, Philadelphia, Pa.

St. Elmo Hotel.
Nos. 317 and 319 Arch Street,
PHILADELPHIA.
Rates Reduced to $2.00 per Day.

The travelling public will still find at this Hotel the same liberal provision for their comfort. It is located in the immediate centres of business and amusement, and the different Rail Road depots, as well as all parts of the city, are easily accessible by street cars constantly passing the doors. It offers special inducements for those visiting the city for business or pleasure.

Your patronage is respectfully solicited.

THOS. M. FISHER, Proprietor.

Philadelphia, Nov. 1, 1880.-tf.

A society maiden in Dover
Went out for a walk with her lover.
A piece of banana
She stepped on, and Hannah
In her knees ran a pear "over."

Maybe it was the fault of the banana, and, again, maybe it was the fault of the shoes Hannah wore. Without attempting to determine this question, which is of interest solely to Hannah

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.

FRIDAY, · · JULY 15, 1881.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

Here, There and the Other Place.

—More persons have been cured with PERUNA than all other remedies put together.

—A six months' old son of Mr. John Folton, of the East ward, died on Tuesday morning.

—Any kind of drugs or medicine, no matter what their ingredients, can be had at the new drug store.

—Why use inferior flavoring extracts when you can buy the very best fully as cheap at the new drug store?

—It may be, must be, hotter than this on Satan's top shelf, but we hope to be spared from learning how that is ourself.

—"Lay in your winter's coal," is the suggestion now made, but as for us we would rather take our "lay" in the shade.

—Fresh drugs and medicines received every week at James' new drug store, where you can always find that what you seek.

—The chance for the corn crop on the mountain to pan out will grow smaller by degrees and beautifully less every day.

—An unknown man was found wandering about Altoona on Thursday with a double-barrelled shotgun. He said he was looking for Gen. Grant.

—Mrs. Christina Foster, of the Cambria House, this place, has concluded after all, we understand, not to transfer her allegiance to the Arlington House, Altoona.

—The annual retreat of the Catholic clergy of the Pittsburg and Allegheny dioceses will commence at St. Francis' College, Loretto, on Monday next and continue two weeks.

—Mt. Gallitzin Seminary and St. Joseph's convent and parochial school buildings have just been treated to a new coat of paint, which adds very much to their outward appearance.

—A picnic was indulged in on the 4th by the Cambria township Congregational church (south). We are glad to learn that it was a success both in point of attendance and financially.

—A farmer named Wm. McKain was killed instantly by a freight train on the P. R. at Derry station, a few days ago, while attempting to drive across the track in a spring wagon.

—Jacob Bitner, of Saltlick, Clearfield county, was badly bitten by a coon which he was attempting a few days ago to pull out of a hollow log by the tail. A clear case of a Bitner being bitten.

—An examination of teachers proposing to apply for professional certificates, will be held, in Johnstown and Ebensburg beford the regular examinations begin. Announcement of time next week.

—Moses Myers, a puddler at the Cambria Iron Works, Johnstown, had one of his eyes burned out by a spray of hot metal, which flew from the furnace at which he was employed a few days ago.

—The wife of a carpenter employed at the new Mountain House, Cresson, and whose home is in St. Clair, Westmoreland county, was struck by lightning at the latter place, on Thursday last, and killed instantly.

—Among the list of notables who are cooling their heated brows at Cressen just now we notice the names of Judge Pearson, of Dauphin county, and Hon. A. K. McClure, the veteran editor of the Philadelphia *Times*.

—The Altoona *Tribune* says that Francis Murphy is fighting rum in Franklin county. Pshaw! that's nothing. We know men who have been fighting rum for years and years, and who have never yet failed to get it down after every tussle.

—Old John Robinson owns and exhibits the largest double-horned Rhinoceros in the world. It weighs five tons and cost $15,000 to import. It is a wonderful animal and can be seen only with the Big Show on Thursday, July 21st.

—Every home in the body of Miss Annie Kerr, the young lady who was killed by lightning at Loretto on Thursday last, was found, it is said, to have been of the consistency of jelly when examined by a physician soon after death.

—Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Be wise in time. All menstrual affections are promptly removed by this unequalled alterative. It is the most potent blood purifier, and a fountain of health and strength. For sale at the new drug store, Ebensburg.

—Mr. George Washington, one of our barbers, is something more than "the father of his country." Since Sunday night, he is the father of a boy half as big as himself, and boy, mother and George are doing the best they can under the circumstances.

—"Forced by my political connections into public life, my sufferings were intensified by the comments of those who saw my face and my form." Since Sunday night, he is a gentleman recently cured by Cuticura Remedies. Sold at the new drug store.

—The tortures of neuralgic pains, sick and nervous headache, are instantly banished by those of Dr. Faust's German Cure for Neuralgia and Headache. Guaranteed to relieve. Ask druggists. For sale by E. James, Ebensburg, Pa. [4-1,'81.-e.o.w.ly.]

—Ex-County Treasurer Criste, of Munster township, returned home on Tuesday last after nearly if not quite a year's absence in Illinois and other portions of the west, where he has been acting as general agent for Gaskell's Compendium, a work of rare merit.

—A lady named Hoover, residing at Cherrytree, Indiana county, returned to her bedroom a few mornings ago, after making fire and getting breakfast, to find that her infant child, which she had left, as she supposed, sleeping soundly, was cold and stiff in death. Sad indeed.

—Our old friend and Philadelphia correspondent, Hon. G. Nelson Smith, whose letter each week form one of the most interesting features of the FREEMAN, is rusticating just now on the top of the Alleghenies, but has not yet come to greet his host of Ebensburg friends.

—In the grand street pageant which takes place on July 21st, the day fixed for the coming of John Robinson's Big Show to Ebensburg, can be seen a drove of twenty Camels and Dromedaries. These animals are all elegantly comparisoned and are one of the big features of the Big Show.

—Mr. Robert Gillan, an old and worthy citizen of Conemaugh township, died on Sunday evening last, aged about 73 years. The deceased was an honest, upright and much esteemed gentleman, and his death is not only a loss to his family but to the community at large. Peace to his ashes.

—Mrs. Margaret Levy, of Houtzdale, and Mrs. Fred and Pierce Kittell, of Braddock, sister and sons respectively of Mr. Derick Kittell, of this place, have been called hither by the dangerous illness of the latter, whose condition is such as to give no promise whatever for his recovery.

—Hollidaysburg *Standard* will be re-joiced to learn that its genial friend Tom Mc-Cahan, of this place, whom it was sorry to say is the victim of a sprained ankle," has fully recovered his "equal-abraham," and is now on a week or ten day business tour to Clearfield county and parts adjacent.

—Our good looking and prompt-paying patron, Mr. Amos Parrish, an engineer on the Philadelphia and Erie Railroad, with his wife, in St. Mary's, Pa., dropped in the other day to renew his subscription while on a visit to his numerous relatives and friends in his native county. Long live the bold.

—Holloh's Catarrh Remedy is a marvellous cure for Catarrh, Diphtheria, Canker-mouth and Headache. With each bottle there is an Ammonia nasal injector for the more successful treatment of these complaints, without extra charge. Price 50 cts. Sold by E. James, Druggist, Ebensburg, Pa. [4-1.-e.o.w.ly.]

—Mr. Gallitzin Myers, who don't reside in Ebensburg, some of the newspapers in that vicinity notwithstanding, has purchased all horse stock, vehicles and other fixtures connected with the livery stable of Mr. John Lamb, Loretto, and will hereafter carry on the business in connection with a younger partner.

—Mrs. Magehan, the aged widow of Michael Magehan, Esq., dec'd, a former well known lawyer of this place, was struck by a buggy driven by the S. & C. R. R., at Johnstown on Tuesday evening last, but fortunately not with sufficient force to inflict injuries more severe than a badly contused right side and back.

—The mammoth posters for Old John Robinson's Big Show, which is to exhibit here on Thursday next, are beyond question the finest specimens of decorative art that have ever been posted in this place, and Messrs. Russell, Morgan & Co., of Cincinnati, who printed them, are certainly to be complimented on their excellent work.

—"Dave" Rosenthal, the genial and gentlemanly manager and half owner of the Big Horn Young American Clothing House, has come to Ebensburg on Wednesday for a breath of pure mountain air, and with us from one train to the next. He is a man to rely on whom you can count the worth of your money to any amount. We are glad to note the fact that Mr. B. McGuire, of Wilmore, who is not only loved by Sir John Nicely in the manufacture of the celebrated "Boss" grain cradles, is a nice man himself, and whose advertisement has appeared in our columns for a few weeks past, is meeting with a success which is as gratifying as it is well deserved.

—The School Directors of Ebensburg did wisely and well on Tuesday evening of last week by electing Prof. F. A. Lyte for the sixth time as superintendent of our borough schools. It is a fact patent to every man, woman and child in Ebensburg that the schools were never better, if so well conducted as they have been under the management of Mr. Lyte.

—The usual summer Saturday evening excursion train from Pittsburgh to Ebensburg made its initial run this season last Saturday, carrying a full complement of passengers. This is one of the most popular trains on the road for pleasure-seekers, as well for the rapidity with which it traverses distances as by reason of its boasting a tip-top conductor and trainmen.

—Amongst the friends who called to see us during the late holiday times was Mr Charley Latterner, formerly of this place, but now connected with the well-known and popular clothing establishment of Godfrey Wolf, Altoona. We are glad to know that the place suits him, as we are sure he suits the place which suits everybody who wants to be suited with a good suit.

—A special meeting of the Johnstown Council was held on Monday evening to take action on the spread of small-pox, thirty-two cases being reported in two weeks in the town and immediate vicinity. Hon. D. J. Morrell subscribed one thousand dollars and the Council voted one thousand more for the erection of an additional pest house and the employment of the requisite nurses.

—Independence Day in Ebensburg was not formally observed, except by the small boy. Despite the fact that he fired off several hundred dollars' worth of gunpowder, we are glad to not be required to chronicle any missing fingers or ruined optics for his share. The danger of death hovering over President Garfield evidently had its effect in the way of measurably calming down the patriotic multitude.

—The small-pox is playing sad havoc in Johnstown just now, the number of cases reported being between thirty and forty. Among the victims is Harry Smith, the twelve or thirteen year old son of Mr. R. E. Smith, who removed from Ebensburg to Johnstown a year or more ago. A son of Mr. Ed. W. Humphrey, of this place, was also reported among the number, but this is said to be an error.

—County Superintendent Strayer, wife and child tarried with us from Wednesday until Saturday evening of last week, making their home for the time being at the boarding-house of Mr. Ed. Miller, in the West ward, where they intend to spend the summer for several weeks during the coming autumn, provided, of course, they fail to secure a dwelling house for themselves, in which latter event they will remain with us.

—Mr. James McCloskey, an old and much respected citizen of Gallitzin township, near Tunnelhill borough, was thrown from a wagon near Plane No. 8, in consequence of his team taking fright and running away, and had one of his legs broken in three places. Considering the age of Mr. McCloskey, who can be little if any less than 75 years old, his chances for recovery must in the nature of things be far from promising.

—What seemed to be a fire somewhere in the vicinity of Gallitzin, or at least in that direction, was plainly visible from several points in our town between 8 and 9 o'clock on Tuesday night last, and the flying sparks and gradually diminishing blaze left the impression that the burning building was a frame structure on some hillside. As we have no information on the subject we cannot say whether this conclusion is correct or not.

—Rev. J. H. Cleaver, D. D., who a few years ago was pastor for a short time of the Church of the Holy Name in this place, but who since then for the most part has been in charge of St. Joseph's church, Schenectady, N. Y., has recently been raised by Pope Leo XIII. to the rank and dignity of a Camariere Segreto, with the title of Monsignior Father Cleaver is the only German priest in the United States who has been thus honored by the Holy Father.

—A large stable owned by the Cambria Iron Co. and located at East Conemaugh, this county, was totally destroyed by fire at an early hour on Thursday morning, June 30th, and several head of mules and three horses perished in the flames. Several tons of hay and straw, a lot of feed, harness, etc., were also destroyed. The fire was undoubtedly the work of an incendiary and the loss will aggregage not less than $2,000, on which there was an insurance of only $700.

—A woman who was married a few years ago to a resident then and now of this place, but who subsequently deserted her husband and two children in Altoona, whither they removed after living here for some time, is said to have been shot in a Pittsburg bagnio, where she has been living for several months past, one day last week. If the story be true, we presume she was only slightly injured, though we failed to see any paper containing an account of the shooting.

—Mr. L. S. Strayer, our new County Superintendent, was in town several days last week. He informs us that the examination for teachers for Ebensburg and such other districts as contemplate opening their schools in September will be held some time in August, while the examination for the other districts will be held later. The place where and time when for all examinations will be printed in the county papers after the schedule shall have been arranged. Mr. Strayer's postoffice address is Johnstown.

—Mr. J. B. Sweeny, of East Brady, Clarion county, where he is engaged in the marble manufacturing business, has been visiting his native heath on the Alleghenies during the past week or two, making his sojourn for the most part at Loretto, his old home. The "Judge," as he is familiarly called, is a staunch friend and constant reader of the FREEMAN, which he has no hesitation in saying is the best country paper of which he has any knowledge. A good Judge of such matters is our worthy friend "Judge" Sweeny.

—The Altoona *Call* says that the little fourteen year old son of Mr. Ed. Lippet, who left his home very suddenly sometime in April last, has never been heard of since. The anxious parents have telegraphed and sent letters all over the country and as yet no tidings relative to him have been received. The lad is described as having a mark on each side of the bridge of his nose, and has the initials, J. L. in India ink on one of his arms. Any information that will lead to his recovery will be thankfully received by his parents in that city.

—We learn that the farmers in Clearfield township, or at least many of them, commenced cutting their wheat on the 5th of the month. This was about the usual time for the wheat harvest to begin in that township and is about two weeks in advance of the time in this part of the county. The land in that township is of the very best quality and remarkably productive, and now that the lumber business there is almost a thing of the past, Clearfield in a few years will be one of the finest farming sections in this or in any of the surrounding counties.

—Rev. A. McElwain, of West Philadelphia, preached twice in the Presbyterian church of this place on last Sunday week, the 3d inst., and the day following, the work of razing the walls of the old building was already begun preparatory to the erection of a new church on Centre street. Last Sunday the same gentleman preached to the Presbyterian congregation in the Baptist church, morning and evening, and the following day he took his departure for his home. The foundation walls of the new building are already well under way, and the prospects are good for the completion of the entire contract by the first of November.

—The Altoona *Call* of Monday says: There are at present between Hollidaysburg and Johnstown nine corps of civil engineers, one of which has surveyed as far as the foot of No. 6, on the Old Portage. The men employed in the work seem to have no desire to enlighten a curious public as to what road it is to be, who is at the head of it, etc., etc. It is authoratively stated, however, that the shops of the new road will be erected at Gallitzin, which has a tendency to make the old citizens up that way feel rather jubilant. A corps of engineers and assistants are making Fitzharris' hotel, at Gallitzin, their headquarters for the present.

—There is a story afloat to the effect that the husband of a family residing in this place has lately cast his eye over the map and said there were better places in the United States to live in than Ebensburg, and that he would go and find out. But it is alleged that he entertains no intention of having his family follow him, and that is where the trouble comes in. The wife and family are left in comparatively destitute circumstances, and the knowledge of the unnatural conduct of the husband and father is the drop which makes their cup of woe to overflow. Further along, should it seem necessary, we will obtain the name of this cosmopolitan individual and give it and him the benefit of the circulation of the FREEMAN.

—Ex-Sheriff James Myers and ex-Associate Judge R. J. Lloyd, both of this place, are willing and anxious to occupy a place at the right of the left hand, as the case may be, of the President Judge of this district when he holds Courts in this county during the coming five years, and with that object in view will seek the endorsement of their Democratic friends at the coming primary election. So long as Associate Judges are to occupy a place on the Bench in this county it is right and proper, indeed we may say important, that one of them should be a resident of the county capital, and hence we hope to see the best man win. As to which of the two gentlemen named is the more deserving and better qualified we leave the Democracy of the county to determine for themselves.

—A young lady named Finegan, whose home was at South Fork, this county, died on Saturday last and was to have been buried in the Catholic cemetery at Wilmore on Monday, but meantime decomposition made such rapid progress that the friends of the deceased were obliged to hold the funeral on Sunday evening, interment taking place about 8 o'clock. The deceased lady is said to have been the twelfth member of the family who has died within less than that many years, all the others falling victims to consumption, while her malady is said to have been Bright's disease of the kidneys.

—Mr. Peter Neallan, of Barr township, sold the Heininger House, formerly the Crawford House, in this place, on Monday last, to Mr. Joseph Brown, of Cambria township, for $3,200, and the latter gentleman will take possession of said hotel early next week. This sale is to be followed on Monday next, at 1 o'clock in the afternoon, by a public sale of all the household goods, consisting of bedsteads, bedding, tables, chairs, bureaus, cupboards, stoves, besides many other things in and about the house, including two fine pigs, about six months old. Mr. Joseph Heininger, late proprietor, removed to Braddock yesterday (Thursday), where he has obtained employment for himself and also designs keeping a boarding house. Both gentlemen have our best wishes for success in their new departures.

—Blair G. Harry, a young ex-typo whose name wouldn't be injured more than a hundred per cent. if it was turned around the other way, dawned upon the distinguished(?) coterie of newspaper men who wended their way to Bedford the other day, and gave them to understand in the politest manner possible that he represented Messrs. James Carboy & Co., who are engaged in the livery and transfer business at Bedford. Of course he had no idea that the d. c. afforesaid could afford to indulge in any costly equipages, but that is no reason why those who come after us may not be induced to take a splurge to the Springs or elsewhere, and to such we would therefore say that young Harry, not "Old Harry," will be delighted to meet them on any incoing train and make clear the way for themselves and their luggage to any point they may desire to visit. So mote it be.

—Sheriff Griffith will offer for sale in Johnstown, on Saturday, Aug. 6th, the first two, and in Ebensburg, on Tuesday Aug. 9th the last two of the following described properties to wit: A house and lot in Stonycreek township, owned by Joseph Rhodes and to be sold at the suit of Benj. Miller, now for use of Wm. Thomas; a large two story part brick and part frame building, used as a brewery, situated in Johnstown borough, owned by Oscar Graffe and to be sold at the suit of Jacob Horner, guardian of Jacob, Albert, Edward, John, Arthur and Frederick William Graffe, two tracts containing respectively nineteen and twelve acres of land, more or less, in Allegheny township, with a one-and-a-half story log house on the former and a similar building, as well as a frame barn, on the latter—said tracts being owned by A. Eckenrode and to be sold at the suit of S. Fry.

THE PENNSYLVANIA MUTUVL AID SOCIETY.—Special Agent J. A. Swartz, representing the above named Society, who is at present sojourning at the Mountain House, this place, has appointed Dr. D. W. Evans examining physician, and hopes to issue a goodly number of policies in this vicinity before his departure. That the Society is entirely worthy of confidence seems to be evident from the following, which we find in the Harrisburg *Patriot* of the 21st ult.:

The Pennsylvania Mutual Aid Society, whose office is at 22 North Third street, through their Secretary, Mr. J. Eaton, paid the sum of $2,000, in full, on the 20th of this month, to Mr. Joseph E. Rhoads, of this city. The Directors of this Society are men of high standing in every respect. The Society invariably pays one hundred cents on the dollar.

The following is the plan of insurance on which this Society takes all its risks:

All assessments will be based on the rate of death losses per one thousand members.

Thus, if there is 1000 members and a death occurs, it will cost the member aged 40 years, 90 cents. But if there are 2000 members, it will cost a member aged 40 years only 90 cents for two deaths; or, what is the same effect, a death from 2000 members will cost a member aged 40 years only 45 cents. There must be as many death losses as there are *times one thousand* members in the Society until a member insured for $1000 is assessed the full amount placed opposite his age on the table. In other words, assessments are laid ratably according to age, and the amount insured and the number of death losses per 1000 members.

THE PRINTERS' PICNIC.—We agree with the Huntingdon *Local News* when it reminds those who are apt to be dissatisfied with Bedford as the place for holding the printers' picnic that there is no law to prevent them going where they please, and then adds: "Bedford was chosen because it is a prominent watering place in the Juniata valley, and having already been at Cresson and Lloydsville, it was the object of the committee to go the rounds. The disadvantages of getting to Bedford and the springs were taken into consideration by the committee at their meeting on Friday last, and it was not until provision was made for sufficient accommodations for all the printers and their families, at very moderate rates, that the committee by unanimous consent decided to go to Bedford in September next. It is presumed that the railroad tickets will be good from Friday, September 2, until Monday, September 5, and parties can remain at the springs one day or three days, or they can go up on Saturday morning and have over four hours in which to see the springs and return the same evening."

THE LEADING DRY GOODS HOUSE OF ALLEGHENY CITY.—The old and vigorous firm of Messrs. Boggs & Buhl, 118 & 120 Federal street, Allegheny City, and whose advertisement you will find in this issue, have demonstrated that success is the selling of good materials at low prices. Starting many years ago in a small way, their business has rapidly increased to the present large Dry Goods emporium. Close attention to business, keeping fresh, attractive and saleble goods, courteous and attentive to customers, and selling at small margin of profits, have attracted such a large trade. Keeping, as they do, a fine stock in all departments of their line, we need only speak of some leading features, as will be noticed. They announce as offering great bargains in Summer Goods in numerous varieties, such as, novelties in Imported Dress Goods, Traveling Ulsters, Lawn and Gingham Suits, also Fancy Summer Silks, and in fact new goods arriving constantly and each department is kept well supplied. We advise buyers to call and see for themselves what fine bargains can be secured for a litsum of money.

A GIANT OX.—On Thursday, July 21st, the citizens of Ebensburg will have an opportunity of witnessing one of the greatest natural curiosities ever on exhibition in America. It is simply a wonderful freak of nature—and is to the animal kingdom what Chang, the wonderful Chinese giant, is to the human race—except that in proportionate ratio it is a greater freak of nature. Just think of it, common breed of ox, having attained the mastadon proportions of twenty hands high, and weighing nearly two tons, unquestionably the most colossal specimen of the bovine race in the world. The ox is with John Robinson's Great Show and has created the most unbounded excitement among all who have seen it. The veteran manager claims that it is the great feature of his Big Show.

QUICK AND SURE.—Many miserable people drag themselves wearily about from day to day, not knowing what ails them but with failing strength and spirits, feeling all the time that they are steadily sinking into their graves. If these sufferers would only use Parker's Ginger Tonic, they would find a cure commencing from the first dose, and vitality, strength and cheerfulness quickly and surely coming back to them, with restoration to perfect health. See advertising column.—*Tribune.* For sale at the new drug store, Ebensburg, Pa. [6-17.-1m.]

SAD DROWNING ACCIDENT.—Two little sons, aged respectively 9 and 11 years, of Mr. John Montgomery, who resides about midway between what is known as the head of Plane No. 4 and the foot of Plane No. 5, on the old Portage railroad, in Washington township, were drowned in Andrew Ager's old mill dam, a short distance from their home, about noon on Tuesday last. The lads were bathing at the time, and one of their bodies was recovered a few minutes after it sank, but the other was not found for several hours. Every effort was made to resuscitate the one who had been only a short time in the water, and to relate all that could be be done was of no avail.

NO HOSPITAL NEEDED.—No palatial hospital is needed for Hop Bitters patients, nor large-salaried talented puffers to tell what Hop Bitters will do or cure, as they tell their own story by their certain and absolute cures at home.—*New York Independent.* M. L. Oatman, authorized agent, Ebensburg, keeps the pure article.

ONE HUNDRED PONIES.—A feature with the old John Robinson Show, which exhibits here in Ebensburg, Thursday, July 21, is the herd of small Shetland Ponies. These diminitive equines are the most petite specimens of horse flesh in America, and are driven in the Golden Chariot of Cinderella, in the grand street pageant on the morning of July 21st,

WHO SHOULD GIVE THANKS?—Having spent a couple of days, including the ever to be revered Fourth of July, of our recent vacation among the enterprising and hospitable people of Cherrytree, twenty-three miles north of this place, it is an open question with us whether the people aforesaid or ourself personally are under the greater obligations to our clever and considerate friend and townsman, Dr. Creery. The reason for this doubt is that had it not been for the kind invitation and urgent solicitations of the gentleman named, ourself and "better half" would not have joined the Doctor, wife and two daughters, not including the one in arms with each of us, in the enjoyable jaunt to which we refer, and as a consequence the courteous citizens of that goodly boronch would have been deprived of the pleasure (?) of seeing us for the first but we certainly hope not the last time in their midst. Leaving aside, however, the question of thanks, which the Doctor neither seeks nor desires, we come down to the solid fact that we found much to please and nothing to regret in the trip. We found the most elaborate celebration of the nation's birthday we ever witnessed, the occasion not only attracting the largest number of people, fully three thousand, that ever assembled in that place, but the program including a big feast well worthy of the name, served in a delightful grove by Mr. L. A. Cravey, of the Henderson House, a monster picnic, with all that the word implies, a balloon ascension, or rather three balloon ascensions, a tub race on the river, in which four youths participated, each of whom captured a prize hung above their heads on a rope stretched from shore to shore, a fine display of fireworks in the evening, and all the other concomitants of a first-class celebration of the most glorious event in our country's history, gotten up as it was by a patriotic people, not a few of whom have thousands of *trees on* immense tracts of land in that vicinity, but not one of whom has a spark of *treason* lurking in his bosom. We found, in addition to all this, a very cordial reception from such representative citizens as our boyhood friends, Mr. Porter Kinports and Capt. R. H. McCormick, who personally and through their excellent wives and families extended to us the hospitalities of their elegant and cheerful homes—courtesies which we will be glad to reciprocate at any time. These two gentlemen, as well as a number of other public-spirited citizens, among whom we may name Capt. Weaver and Messrs. Jesse Harter and J. O. Creery, our attentive correspondent, Mr. Tonkin, Mr. Henderson, owner of the Henderson House, who owes it to himself and the coming census to hunt up a good wife as soon as possible, Mr. Driscoll, of the drug firm of Driscoll & Hosack, who are also proprietors of the Cherrytree *Record*, (said gentleman, by the way, being in no need, if rumor speaks true, of the advice we have obtruded upon Mr. Henderson), Brother Baker, the good-looking, enterprising, industrious and affable young local editor and publisher of said paper, and a number of other gentlemen we can't name, did much to make us feel that it was indeed good and pleasant for us to be there. We found these things and many more in about Cherrytree, which is delightfully situated on both sides of the Susquehanna river, is the home of many prosperous and progressive citizens engaged in the lumber trade and other industrial and mercantile pursuits, contains quite a number of handsome and homelike dwellings, possesses an artesian well six hundred feet deep which failed to furnish oil, but instead throws out a never-failing stream of pure soda water, pleasant to the taste and of great medicinal virtue, as well as a constant flow of illuminating gas sufficient to light a town of three thousand inhabitants, and to crown all it now has our blessing and benediction, a mighty big thing, coupled with the hope that the day is not far distant when its great natural wonder, the artesian well aforesaid, combined with its many other attractions, natural and artificial, will make it a popular resort, as its people have good reason to anticipate, for health and pleasure seekers from all parts of the country.

KILLED BY LIGHTNING.—A very sad case of instant death under the most distressing circumstances occurred at Loretto, this county, on last Thursday afternoon, the facts as we have learned them being that the residence of our old and excellent friend Francis O'Friel, Esq., was struck by lightning and a niece of that gentleman, a young lady named Annie Kerr, instantly killed. It seems that the subtle fluid entered the house at or near the chimney, and after tearing off some of the shingles and a portion of the weatherboarding, descended to the lower floor, when it struck Miss Kerr, who was in the parlor at the time, with the terrible result stated. The fearful messenger of death, if we are rightly informed, traversed the entire length of the house, and finally passed out at the other end of the building, as was evidenced by some of the weatherboarding being torn off at that extreme. It also set the upper part of the house on fire, but the flames were speedily subdued without any serious damage being done. The unfortunate young lady thus suddenly, shockingly and unexpectedly summoned from this to we hope a better world, was aged about nineteen years, and had been in this country very little if any beyond four months, having come from Ireland direct to Loretto, if we mistake not, some time in the early part of last March. Like the greater portion of the daughters of Erin, she was a very exemplary member of the Catholic Church, as well as a most excellent young lady, and those of the rule of faith will understand us when we say that she had just completed the jubilee, as we have been informed, and it is therefore to be presumed that she was fully prepared for the dread summons which came without a moment's warning. May her soul rest in peace.

"Be honest as the day is long,"
A poet wrote. We are not sure,
But think he meant to give in song
A receipt for being poor.

However that may be, the motto on which the hostesses of Godfrey Wolf, next door to the post-office, Altoona, is conducted is "honesty." A man may there buy a suit of clothing, with full assurance that he is getting precisely what he wants and at a fair price. If you need anything in the line of a suit of summer wear, we advise you to patronize him, confident that he will accord you satisfaction. If unable to call in person, a letter with particulars as to size, etc., will answer all needful purposes and will receive prompt attention.

When one asks, "Is it hot enough?"
Knowing you'd fain be cool,
No doubt you think of Doestick's friend,
Whose surname was "Dumphool."

And in the same thought ought to be uppermost in the mind of the man who is asked the question as to where he can buy the best and cheapest ready-made clothing. Anybody who don't know that Simon S. Rendheim's next door to the First National Bank, Altoona, is that place, is to be pitied. The weather certainly is red-hot, and an invoice of goods to meet its special requirements was this week received. Don't permit your name to become Dumphool by going elsewhere to buy.

THAT TELEPHONE AGAIN.—We were mistaken, it seems, in saying two weeks ago that the locating of the proposed telephone offices in Carrolltown and Ebensburg would devolve upon those who contributed the money and poles for the erection of the line, as Mr. M. L. Oatman, who has had so much to do with the enterprise, reserves the right as Superintendent of the line to control the building and management of the same, which of course includes the location of the offices. Just where these will be put remains to be seen, but when the line is completed, as there is every reason to believe it will be in the near future, the question of fixing the offices will soon be determined.

HYMENEAL.

COONS—ECKERD.—Married, at the Catholic church, St. Augustine, on Tuesday, July 12, 1881, by Rev. Father Ryan, Mr. FRANCIS COONS, of Loretto, and Miss MARY A. ECKERD, of the former place.

OVERBERGER—HUBER.—At the Catholic church, St. Boniface, on Monday, June 27, 1881, Mr. J. B. Overberger, of Carroll township, and Miss Helena Huber, of Elder township.

SHORT—HERSHALL.—At Catholic church, Carrolltown, on Tuesday, June 28, 1881, Mr. Paul Short and Miss Sophia Hershall, both of Carroll township.

DUMM—FOX.—At the same time and place, Mr. Wm. H. Dumm, of Altoona, and Miss Maggie Fox, of Carroll township.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT

No one who is thoroughly regular in the bowels is half as liable to disease as he who is irregular. He may be attacked by contagious diseases, and so may the irregular, but he is not nearly as subject to outside influences. The use of

Tarrant's Seltzer Aperient

secures regularity, and consequent immunity from sickness.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Smith's Pat. Blind and Shutter Bower.

Shutters can be placed 2, 3, 4, 5 or 6 inches apart and held securely in either position. Agents wanted in every county. Can make big wages in Summer and Fall. The best and handsomest thing out. Sells at every house. Write for particulars. Samples by mail for 6 cents postage.

Address SMITH & CO., 304 Master St., Philadelphia.

THIS SPEAKS of the BIG SHOW!

Under NO CIRCUMSTANCES will ITS DATE be CHANGED!

THURSDAY, JULY 21

IS THE TIME FIXED FOR THE COMING OF THE GREAT SHOW TO EBENSBURG!

AND IT WILL EXHIBIT ON THAT DAY ONLY.

NO SOONER! NO LATER! NO LONGER!

OLD JOHN ROBINSON'S Great Show!

CIRCUS, Museum, Menagerie, AQUARIUM.

THE SENSATIONAL FEATURES ARE: THE STARTLING NOVELTIES ARE:

The Great Electric Light,
A Herd of the Largest Elephants,
The Largest Rhinoceros in America,
A Giant White Polar Bear,
A Drove of Bactrian Camels,
A Colossal Living Alligator.

100 Performers, Male and Female;
A Cortege of Golden Chariots;
50 Dens of Rare Wild Animals,
A School of Sea Lions;
100 Diminutive Shetland Ponies;
A Troupe of Hindoo Jugglers.

First in All Things!
FIRST IN MERIT!
FIRST IN MAGNITUDE!
FIRST IN MAGNIFICENCE!

DO NOT MISTAKE THE DATE OR PLACE!

THIS IS THE BIG SHOW YOU'VE BEEN WAITING FOR!

AND IT WILL EXHIBIT AT EBENSBURG ONLY ON

THURSDAY NEXT, JULY 21, 1881.

The Circus Embraces

More Equestrians, More Vaulters,
More Gymnasts, More Clowns,
More Athletes, More Specialties,
THAN ANY OTHER SHOW IN AMERICA!

The Menagerie Embraces

More Lions More Camels,
More Tigers, More Cages,
More Elephants, More Monkeys,
THAN ANY OTHER SHOW IN AMERICA!

AND NOW A FEW WORDS TO THE PEOPLE OF

EBENSBURG and VICINITY:

YOU ALL KNOW THE SHOW!
IT HAS ALWAYS BEEN KNOWN AS THE BIG SHOW.
—IT IS NOW—
BIGGER and BETTER THAN EVER
--IT IS LARGER AND GRANDER THAN EVER!

The Pictorial Bills of the OLD JOHN ROBINSON SHOW are correct representations of the WONDERFUL FEATURES which can be witnessed in the Circus and Menagerie.

THE EXTRAORDINARY ATTTACTIONS ARE

A Troupe of Hindoo Jugglers!

THE ANATOMICAL WONDER:
THE SAMSON OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY!
A HUMAN METEOR:
A WOMAN SHOT FROM A CANNON, Loaded with Powder,
And Whirled through the Air with Terrific Force and Speed!
THE BEST EDUCATED TROUPE OF DOGS AND MONKEYS IN THE WORLD!
These are features owned, controlled and exhibited only by

OLD JOHN ROBINSON.

Remember the time is fixed absolutely—the BIG $HOW cannot exhibit at Ebensburg later than

THURSDAY NEXT, JULY 21, 1881!

The Grand Street Display is Bright, Beautiful and Brilliant!

YOU ALL KNOW THIS SHOW!---ITS REPUTATION IN THE PAST IS A GUARANTEE for the FUTURE.

☞ THERE WILL BE NO COMBINATION WITH ANY OTHER SHOW---THE TIME IS FIXED. ☜

THE OLD JOHN ROBINSON SHOW NEVER CHANGES OR POSTPONES, AND HIS SHOW IS TOO LARGE TO NEED A COMBINATION WITH ANY OTHER SHOW IN THE WORLD.

2,000 RESERVED CUSHIONED CHAIRS AT A SMALL ADVANCE. GENERAL ADMISSION, 50 CENTS. Children, 25 Cts.

Arrangements have been perfected for Reduced Railroad Rates on Thursday next.

LAND FOR SALE.—The undersigned has 96 Acres of land lying between Loretto and Chest Springs which he will sell very cheap and on easy terms. There are about worry ACRES cleared, the balance being well covered with saw timber, principally hemlock. For further information call on or address F. A. STORM,
July 15, 1881 -tf. Loretto, Pa.

Blairsville (Pa.) Ladies' Seminary.

Beautiful grounds, commodious buildings,
Healthful location, THOROUGH INSTRUCTION.
Thirty-first year begins September 14, 1881. Apply for Catalogues to REV. T. R. EWING,
July 15, 1881.-2m. Principal.

I want ONE agent in every town to sell a valuable article. No money required until goods are sold. Address P. O. Box 2258, New York City.

PAMPHLET for advertisers 100 pages, 25 cents. G. P. ROWELL & CO., N. Y.

WM. H. SECHLER, Johnstown, Pa. M. D. KITTELL, Ebensburg, Pa.

SECHLER & KITTELL,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
JOHNSTOWN AND EBENSBURG.

OFFICES in Luther & Green's large brick building, corner Main and Clinton sts., Johnstown, and in Colonade Row, Ebensburg. [7-1,'81.]

ASSIGNEE'S NOTICE!—Notice is hereby given that George G. Robaugh, of Summerhill township, Cambria county, Pa., has made an assignment of his real and personal estate to John Schroth, in trust for the benefit of creditors. All persons indebted to the said Geo. G. Robaugh will make immediate payment to said Assignee, and those having claims or demands will make known the same without delay.
JOHN SCHROTH, Assignee.
Wilmore, June 10, 1881.-6t.

ST. XAVIER'S ACADEMY
NEAR LATROBE, PA.

NEARLY half a century old, from which some of the most prominent and cultivated ladies in Pennsylvania and elsewhere have graduated, offers most thorough educational aids and highest standard of refining influences.

☞ Pupils admitted at any time. Yearly expense about $200.

Address:
SISTERS OF MERCY,
BEATTY'S P. O.,
Dec. 10, 1880.-tf. Westmoreland Co., Pa.

FOR COUNTY TREASURER—P. MONAN, Loretto.—We are authorized to announce that Patrick Monan, of Loretto borough, will be a candidate for County Treasurer, subject to Democratic rules. If nominated and elected, he pledges himself to perform the duties of the office with honesty and fidelity. [3-25.-tf.]

Dr. Jones' Taraxcanum Tonic

or DYSPEPSIA MEDICINE, a vegetable compound whose virtues has stood the test of 40 years, is infallible in the cure of Dyspepsia, General Debility, Chronic Weakness of Lungs, Spleen and Kidneys, Short Breath, Heartburn, St. Vitus' Dance, pain in the Stomach, Back and Chest. Particularly adapted to all Female Diseases, no matter what the age of the patient may be. Prices limited as low by Druggists. [7-9,'80.-1y.]

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER—FRANCIS MULVEHILL, Ebensburg.—We are authorized to announce that Francis Mulvehill, of Ebensburg borough, will be a candidate for the office above named, subject to Democratic rules, and if nominated and elected, he pledges himself to guard the interests of the taxpayers of the county to the best of his ability. [3-25.-tf.]

$999 a year to Agents, and expenses. $6 Outfit free. Address F. Scott & Co., Augusta, Me.

OATMEAL AS FOOD.

Says an Irish paper, oatmeal is a food of great strength and nutrition, having claimes to be better known and more widely used than it is at present. Of much service as brain food, it contains phosporous enough to keep a man doing an ordinary amount of brain work in good health and vigor. All medical authorities unite in the opinion that, having all requisites for the development of the system, it is a pre-eminently useful food for growing children and for the young generally. Oatmeal requires much cooking to effectually burst its starch-cells, but when it is well cooked it will thicken liquid much more than equal its weight in wheaten flour. The oats of this country are superior to those grown on the Continent and the southern part of England, but certainly inferior to the Scotch, where considerable pains are taken to cultivate them, and it is needless to point out that the Scotch are an example of a thoroughly robust nation, which result is justly set down as being derived from the plentiful use of oatmeal. Dr. Guthrie has asserted that his countrymen have the largest heads of any nation in the world—not even the English having such large heads—which he attributes to the universal use of oatmeal, as universal it is being found alike on the tables of the rich and the tables of the poor—in the morning the porridge and in the evening the traditional cake.

The two principal ways of cooking oatmeal are porridge and cake (bannock), which I will describe, and also some other modes of cooking, in order to afford an agreeable variety of dishes. First, then, we will commence with a receipt for porridge: To three pints of boiling water add a level teaspoonful of salt and a pint of coarse meal, stirring while it is being slowly poured in; continue stirring until the meal is diffused through the water—about eight or ten minutes. Cover it closely then, and place it where it will simmer for an hour; avoid stirring during the whole time. Serve hot, with as little messing as possible, accompanied with milk, maple syrup, or sugar or cream. To make oatmeal cake, place in a bowl a quart of meal, add to it as much cold water as will form it into a soft, light dough, cover it with a cloth fifteen minutes to allow it to swell, then dust the pasteboard with meal, turn out the dough and give it a vigorous kneading. Cover with a cloth a few minutes, and proceed at once to roll it out to an eight of on inch in thickness; cut it in five pieces and partly cook them on a griddle, then finish them by toasting in front of the fire.

HOW DID THE DOG KNOW THE WAY?

In a late number of the *Popular Science Monthly* there is a very interesting article, which details the experiment made by a certain Ohio physician to ascertain whether the faculty which some animals possess of returning to their homes by a nearly direct course after being carried to a great distance by a circuitous route is to be attributed to scent, memory or any other intelligible cause. Everybody of course, is aware of the fact that a cat may be put in a bag and taken ever so far away from its accustomed hearth, and by ever so round about a journey, and yet turn up again in due time at the old place—its ability to get back being apparently limited only by insuperable obstacles. The subject of the Ohio experimenters was a dog. The way they went to work and the result are thus described:

A dog was made insensible with ether at Cincinnati, put into a wicker basket, started on a train of the Cincinnati Southern Railroad, first southwest to Danville Junction, thence to Crab Orchard, and finally north to a hunting rendezvous near Berea, in Madison county. This circuitous route was taken because on a former occasion, when the dog had returned from a point one hundred and sixty miles distant from his home, it was suspected that he might have found his way back by simply reversing his course on the railway by which he had come. At Berea the dog was shut up securely over night and well fed. The next morning he was taken out to a clearing on top of a grassy knob at some distance from the railway, and let loose. Without any preliminary survey he slunk off into a ravine, scrambled up the opposite bank, and struck first on a trot and then on a swift gallop, not toward Crab Orchard, i. e., southeast, but due north, in a bee line for Cincinnati. He ran not like an animal that had lost its way but "like a horse on a tramway," straight ahead with his nose well up, as if he were following an air line toward a visible goal. He made a short detour to the left to avoid a lateral ravine, but further up he resumed his original course, leaped a rail fence and went headlong into a copse of cedar bushes where they finally lost sight of him. The report of the experimenters was forwarded to the owner by rail and on the afternoon of the next day, after receiving this report the owner met the dog on the streets in Cincinnati, "wet, full of burrs, and remorse, and apparently ashamed of his tardiness."

TREE CISTERNS.—It has long been known, through the reports of travelers, that in certain arid districts of Africa water is often found, even in the driest seasons, in hollow trunks of the great boabab tree (Adansonia) and it was supposed that this provision of water was, so to say, natural; but it appears from the investigations of officers attached to surveying parties sent out by the Egyptian government that these reservoirs are neither formed nor filled by the accidents of nature. They are in reality prepared and filled by the inhabitants of the country who carefully remove the decayed and spongy fiber from the interior of the trunk and laboriously transfer water to the cisterns thus made, bucketful by bucketful, from neighboring pools in which it collects at the rainy season. The importance of these reservoirs is illustrated by the fact that trunks containing 15,000 gallons of water are not uncommon in Kordofan, and that individual trunks have been measured which might store 33,000 gallons. The officers of the survey urge that it would be well for the Egyptian government to organize a service for the protection and maintenance of these trees on the post roads and telegraph lines so that couriers, linesmen, inspectors, etc., might always find a store of water. They cite one particular post-route where in times past the people of the country had carefully filled the Adansonia trees during the season of rains, and thus insured water during the dry season for much travel. But when troops were moved in that direction the inhabitants took alarm, abandoned the vicinity and neglected to fill the trees so that the road became as good as impassable.

A WONDERFUL INVENTION.—A letter to the *Scientific American* from the inventor describes the operation of a "circular saw" which cut in two a solid steel bar without touching it! The saw is merely a circular iron disk with smooth edge which is caused to revolve 2,300 times a minute. A steel bar brought near to, but not touching this disk, is divided by fusing or melting apart, and a man's hand can be placed in the stream of molten steel without being burnt. These are wonderful facts and await the explanation of theorists.

I HAD Chronic Rheumatism for one year; had been given up to die by two physicians. PERUNA cured me. WM. CURTZ, Pittsburg, Pa.

THE BEST REMEDY
FOR
Diseases of the Throat and Lungs.

In diseases of the pulmonary organs a safe and reliable remedy is invaluable. AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL is such a remedy, and no other so eminently merits the confidence of the public. It is a scientific combination of the medicinal principles and curative virtues of the finest drugs, chemically united, of such power as to insure the greatest possible efficiency and uniformity of results. It strikes at the foundation of all pulmonary diseases, affording prompt relief and rapid cures, and is adapted to patients of any age or either sex. Being very palatable, the youngest children take it readily. In ordinary **Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Influenza, Clergyman's Sore Throat, Asthma, Croup, and Catarrh,** the effects of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL are magical, and multitudes are annually preserved from serious illness by its timely and faithful use. It should be kept at hand in every household for the protection it affords in sudden attacks. In **Whooping-cough** and **Consumption** there is no other remedy so efficacious, soothing, and helpful.

Low prices are inducements to try some of the many mixtures, or syrups, made of cheap and ineffective ingredients, now offered, which, as they contain no curative qualities, can afford only temporary relief, and are sure to deceive and disappoint the patient. Diseases of the throat and lungs demand active and effective treatment; and it is dangerous experimenting with unknown and cheap medicines, from the great liability that these diseases may, while so trifled with, become deeply seated or incurable. Use AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, and you may confidently expect the best results. It is a standard medical preparation, of known and acknowledged curative power, and is as cheap as its careful preparation and fine ingredients will allow. Eminent physicians, knowing its composition, prescribe it in their practice. The test of half a century has proven its absolute certainty to cure all pulmonary complaints not already beyond the reach of human aid.

Prepared by **Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co.,**
Practical and Analytical Chemists,
Lowell, Mass.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

Floreston Cologne. The Most Fragrant and Lasting of all Perfumes
New, Delightful and Fashionable.
Sold by dealers in Drugs and Perfumery. Hiscox & Co., N. Y.

Mothers, Farmers, Mechanics, Business Men & Women, Teachers, and all who are tired out by work or worry, don't drink intoxicating bitters, but use

PARKER'S GINGER TONIC.

Are you suffering from Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Nervousness, or Bowel, Kidney or Liver Complaint, you can be cured by using PARKER'S GINGER TONIC.
If you are wasting away with Consumption, Female Weakness, Rheumatism, or any sickness; if you have a bad cough or cold, you will find sure relief in PARKER'S GINGER TONIC.
If you are enfeebled by disease, age, or dissipation, and your system needs invigorating, or your blood needs purifying, use PARKER'S GINGER TONIC.

PARKER'S GINGER TONIC

Made from Ginger, Buchu, Mandrake, Stillingia and many other of the best medicines known; it is the Best Health and Strength Restorer ever used—for unequaled in virtues, Essence of Ginger and delicacy of flavor, as it never intoxicates, and Cures Drunkenness.
It Has Saved Hundreds of Lives; It May Save Yours.
Buy a box, or $1 bottle of your druggist, and be sure your signature is on the outside wrapper. Hiscox & Co., Chemists, N. Y. Large saving in buying $1 size.

Parker's Hair Balsam. Removes Dandruff. Elegantly Perfumed. Prevents Baldness.
The Best and Most Economical Hair Dressing.
Containing only ingredients that are beneficial to the hair and scalp, PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Never Fails to Restore Gray or Faded Hair
to the youthful color, and is warranted to stop falling of the hair. *Sold by druggists at 50 cts. and $1.*
Nov. 12, 1880-4y.

DIRECTIONS.
For Catarrh, Hay Fever, Cold in the Head, &c., insert with little finger a particle of the Balm into the nostrils; draw strong breaths through the nose. It will then be absorbed, cleansing the nasal head, healing the diseased membranes.
For Deafness. Apply a particle into the ear.

ELY'S CREAM BALM
HAVING gained an world-wide reputation, displacing all pretenders, and proved by its originality of discovery, to, on its merits alone, recognized as a wonderful remedy wherever known. A fair trial will convince the most skeptical of its claims to superiority. It effectually cleanses the nasal passages of Catarrhal virus, causing healthy secretions; allays inflammation and irritation; protects the membranes from additional colds; restores the senses of taste and smell. Beneficial results are realized by a few applications. A thorough treatment expected will cure Catarrh. As a remedy for Hay Fever it is unequaled. The Balm is easy to use and agreeable. Sold by druggists at 50 cents. By mail, prepaid, 60 cents with circular. Sample by mail, 10 cents. Send for circular with full information.
ELY'S CREAM BALM CO., Owego, N. Y.
☞ For sale by Ehrgahne, Johnstown and Altoona Druggists, and by Wholesale Druggists generally. [1-14-1om.]

PE-RU-NA
$1000
Will be paid if any Impurities or mineral substances are found in PERUNA, or for any harm it will do to any one.
PERUNA is purely a vegetable compound. It is not compounded by any or all other methods, but it is true. It is the best of Liniments.
PERUNA is being more extensively prescribed by leading physicians than all other half-dozen remedies known to the profession.
PERUNA positively cures consumption and all other lung troubles. Don't forget this.
For intermittent fever, chills and fever, malaria, etc., the infallible remedy is PERUNA.
No matter what your disease is, where located, how you suffer, or what your symptoms are, go at once for PERUNA.
Tell your neighbors and your friends that PERUNA is the only remedy that will cure you and them. Send for a pamphlet.
S. B. HARTMAN & CO., Columbus, Ohio.
Keep your bowels and pelvis organs regular with
MAN-A-LIN
☞ Sold at the New Drug Store, Postoffice, Ebensburg, Pa. [1-15-'81-1y.*]

The Purest and Best Medicine ever Made.
A combination of Hops, Buchu, Mandrake and Dandelion, with all the best and most curative properties of all other Bitters, make it the greatest Blood Purifier, Liver Regulator, and Life and Health Restoring Agent on earth.
No disease can possibly long exist where Hop Bitters are used, so varied and perfect are their operations.
They give new life and vigor to the aged and infirm.
To all whose employments cause irregularity of the bowels or urinary organs, or who require an Appetizer, Tonic and mild Stimulant, Hop Bitters are invaluable, without intoxicating.
No matter what your feelings or symptoms are what the disease or ailment is use Hop Bitters. Don't wait until you are sick but if you only feel bad or miserable use them at once. It may save your life. It has saved hundreds.
$500 will be paid for a case they will not cure or help. Do not suffer but don't let your friends suffer, but use and urge them to use Hop Bitters.
Remember, Hop Bitters is not a vile, drugged drunken nostrum, but the purest and best Medicine ever made; the "EVALEDA and HOPE" and no person or family should be without them.
D. I. C. is an absolute and irresistible, cure for drunkenness, use of opium, tobacco and narcotics. All sold by druggists. Send for Circular. Hop Bitter Mfg. Co.,
Rochester N.Y. and Toronto, Ont.

GROCERS SELL ASCHENBACH & MILLER'S
FAMILY CHOCOLATE!
An article superior in quality and lower in price than any other in the market. A prominent and experienced New York physician says he is of the opinion that chocolate is preferable to tea or coffee because it adds strength to the body, new life to the exhausted brain, quiets the nervous system, harmonizes the workings of the digestive organs, and gives purity to the blood.
For a superfine confection, ask your confectioner for our Sweet Spiced Vanilla Chocolate. Aschenbach & Miller, 3d and Callowhill Sts., Phila., Pa. For sale by V. S. BAKER & BRO. and N. J. FRIEDHOFF, Ebensburg, Pa. [7-5,-1y.]

STARTLING DISCOVERY!
LOST MANHOOD RESTORED.
A victim of youthful imprudence causing Premature Decay, Nervous Debility, Lost Manhood, etc., having tried in vain every known remedy, has discovered a simple self cure, which he will send FREE to his fellow-sufferers, address **J. H. REEVES, 43 Chatham st., N. Y.**
Feb. 4, 1881.-1y.

READ PROOF OF WONDERFUL CURES.
FREMONT, OHIO, Jan. 25, 1881.
DR. B. J. KENDALL & CO.—Gents: I think it my duty to render you my thanks for benefits and profits which I have derived from your invaluable and far famed Spavin Cure. My cousin and I had a valuable stallion worth $1,500 which had a very bad spavin, and was pronounced by four eminent veterinary surgeons beyond any cure, and that the horse was done forever. As a last resort I advised my cousin to try a bottle of Kendall's Spavin Cure. It had a magical effect—the third bottle cured it and the horse is as well as ever. Dr. Dick, of Edinburgh, the eminent veterinary surgeon was an uncle of mine, and I take great interest in assisting his profession.
Yours, truly,
JAMES A. WILSON, Civil Engineer.

Kendall's SPAVIN Cure
WILTON, MINN., Jan. 11, 1881.
B. J. KENDALL & CO.—Gents: Having got a horse book of you by mail a year ago, the contents of which persuaded me to try Kendall's Spavin Cure on the hind leg of one of my horses, which was badly swollen and could not be reduced by any other remedy, I got two bottles of Preston & Luddath, Druggists of Waseca, which completely cured my horse. About five years ago I had a three year old colt sweenied very bad. I used your remedy as given in your book without rowelling, and I must say to your credit that the colt is entirely cured, which is a surprise, not only to myself, but also to my neighbors. You sent me the book for the trifling sum of 25 cents and if I could not get another like it I would not take twenty-five dollars for it. Yours, truly, GEO. MATHEWS.

From a PROMINENT PHYSICIAN.
WASHINGTONVILLE, OHIO, June 17, 1880.
DR. B. J. KENDALL & CO.—Gents: Reading your advertisement in Turf, Field and Farm, of Kendall's Spavin Cure, and having a valuable and speedy horse who had been lame from spavin for eighteen months, I sent to you for a bottle by express, which in six weeks removed all lameness and enlargement, and also a large splint from another horse, and both horses are to-day as sound as colts. The one bottle was worth to me one hundred dollars. Respectfully yours,
R. A. BERTOLETT, H. D.

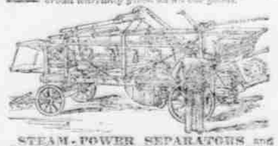
Kendall's Spavin Cure.
HARRISBURG, PA., Nov. 18th, 1880.
DR. B. J. KENDALL & CO.—Gents: I have a very fine mare that had a bone spavin for a long time. I tried everything man could devise to cure it, but all in vain, and was about to give it up when a friend of mine in this city suggested to me and recommended "Kendall's Spavin Cure," which I tried with great results, removing the bone clear and clean, as I then was told by your agent, from your illustrated Horse Book, and I think there is no better book printed on the horse and his diseases. I have taken great interest in it, and have since sold six bottles to my neighbors, and will say you do and do what good I can by getting them for others
Yours truly.
G. W. MILLER.

Kendall's Spavin Cure on Human Flesh.
WEST ESSEXBURGH, VT., Feb. 15, 1881.
DR. B. J. KENDALL & CO.—Gents: Several months ago I received my knee joint, which caused an enlargement to grow the size of a large walnut and caused me very severe pain all the time for four or five weeks, when I began to use Kendall's Spavin Cure with the most satisfactory results. It has completely removed the enlargement and stopped the lameness and pain. I have long known it to be a reliable remedy for horses, but now know it to be the best liniment for human flesh that I am acquainted with.
Yours truly, T. P. LAWRENCE.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE
Is sure in its effects and mild in its action, as it does not blister; yet it is penetrating and powerful to reach every deep-seated pain, or to remove any bony growth or other enlargements, such as spavins, splints, curbs, callous, spreains, swellings, and any lameness and all enlargements of joints or limbs, and also for rheumatism in man, or for any purpose for which a liniment is used for man or beast. It is now known to be the best liniment for man ever used, acting mildly and yet certain in its effects.
Send address for Illustrated Circular, which we think gives positive proof of its virtues. No remedy has ever met with such unqualified success to our knowledge, for man as well as beast.
☞ Price $1 per bottle, or six bottles for $5. All Druggists have it or can get it for you; or it will be sent by us to any address on receipt of price by the proprietors, DR. B. J. KENDALL & CO., Enosburgh Falls, Vt.

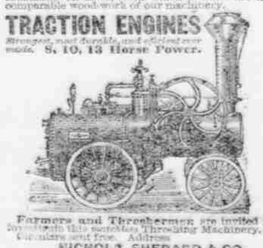
SOLD BY ALL DRUCCISTS.
Feb. 18, 1881.-9m.

NICHOLS, SHEPARD & CO
Battle Creek, Michigan,
MANUFACTURERS OF THE ONLY GENUINE
VIBRATOR
THRESHERS,
Traction and Plain Engines
and Horse-Powers.
Most Complete Thresher Factory | Established in the World. | 1848
32 YEARS of experience and no changes without chance of name, management, or location, to "mix up" the brand unfavorably to users of our goods.



STEAM-POWER SEPARATORS and Complete Steam Outfits of matchless qualities. Three Traction Engines and Plain Engines ever seen in the American market.
A multitude of special features and improvements for 1881, wholly exclusive to our machines, and not to be found in those of other makers.
Four sizes of Separators, from 6 to 12 horse capacity. Eight sizes of "Simplest" Horse Powers.
7,500,000 feet of Selected Lumber constantly on hand, from which is built the incomparable wood-work of our machinery.

TRACTION ENGINES
Strongest, most durable, and efficient ever made. S. 10, 13 Horse Power.



Farmers and Threshermen are invited to buy machines only of responsible Threshing Machinery Manufacturers and firms. Address
NICHOLS, SHEPARD & CO.,
Battle Creek, Michigan.
Jan. 14, 1881.-6m.

TO CARD COLLECTORS!
1st.—Buy seven bars DOBBINS' ELECTRIC SOAP of your Grocer.
2d.—Ask him to give you a bill of it.
3d.—Mail us his bill and your full address.
4th.—We will mail you FREE seven beautiful and elegant cards, in six colors and gold, representing Shakspeare's 'Seven Ages of Man.'
I. L. CRAGIN & CO.,
116 South Fourth St.,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.
☞ DOBBINS' ELECTRIC SOAP is sold by V. S. BAKER & BRO., Ebensburg. [4-1,-e.o.w.6m.]

STEEL BARB FENCE WIRE.
CHEAPER THAN WOOD.

(CUT FULL SIZE.)
One Wire Painted Costs but TEN CENTS per ROD.
Samples and Catalogues Sent Free.
OLIVER BROTHERS & PHILLIPS,
91, 92 & 93 WATER STREET,
114, 116 & 118 FIRST Avenue,
[5-27.-3m.] PITTSBURGH, PA.

THE AUTOMATIC UNDERSHIRT.—There is one man—Prof. Johnson, of Chicago—who has come to the relief of perishing humanity with what promises to be the most valuable invention of the present age. This is "Johnson's Automatic Undershirt," a garment which, so to speak, changes itself and automatically modifies its warmth in accordance with the state of the thermometer. The material of which this garment is made is kept a profound secret by the inventor, but is of such a nature that it expands rapidly with heat, and contracts with equal rapidity when exposed to cold. When the atmosphere is at the temperature of zero, (Fehrenheit), the "Automatic Undershirt" is thick, compact, and warmer than the warmest flannel. As the temperature rises the fibers of the fabric lengthen, and it becomes more and more porous, until at the temperature of 85 degrees, it is a mere netting, which admits of a free passage of air, and is cooler than any undershirt that has ever yet been devised. Thus the wearer is never tempted to change in the temperature. On a warm spring morning he finds that his undershirt is cool and comfortable, and if a snow-storm comes up before night he still finds himself appropriately clad.—The "Automatic Undershirt" thus effectually provides against the dangers inseparable from discharging or retaining flannel undershirts, and can hardly fail to save thousands of valuable lives.
There is precisely one objection to which the cavalier may make to this matchless garment, and that is that it will become uncomfortably long as the warm weather approaches. The inventor has anticipated this objection, and his "Automatic Undershirt" is made in sections neatly laced together, so that it can be shortened to any extent, and at any time. To slightly shorten an undershirt is a very different thing from radically changing it, and the fact that Prof. Johnson's ingenious garment can be shortened at will renders it ideally perfect.
What is the steam engine, or the telegraph or any other famous invention in comparison with the "Automatic Undershirt"? The inestimable garment will bring peace of mind to millions of men who cannot tell whether to change their flannels or cling to them. It will lessen our death-rate at least one-half, and Prof. Johnston's name will be famous long after Keely and Gangee are forgotten.—*New York Times.*

HAY FEVER.—Messrs. Ely Bros., Druggist, Owego, N. Y.—I have been afflicted for twenty years, during the months of August and September, with Hay Fever, and have tried various remedies for its relief without success. I was induced to try your Cream Balm: have used it with favorable results, and can confidently recommend it to all similarly afflicted. ROBERT W. TOWNLY, (ex-Mayor) Elizabeth, N. J.

Messrs. White & Burdick, Druggists, Ithaca, N. Y.—I recommend to those suffering (as I have been) with Hay Fever, Ely's Cream Balm: have tried nearly all the remedies I could find, and give this a decided preference over them all. It has given me immediate relief. C. T. STEPHENS, Hardware Merchant, Ithaca, N. Y., Sept. 6, 1880. Price 50 cents. For sale at the new drug store, Ebensburg, Pa.

MANY have blown into the trump of fame, but few there are who have brought music out of it.

HOME, SWEET HOME.—There is an artist residing in the village. He is a thoroughly good fellow, but is some what egotistical and self opinionated. He is a first class artist and a disciple of Wagoner. He paints wagons.
He is very fond of the girls.
The other night the vicious boys of the village put up a job on our hero. They sent him a letter by mail, in which they asked him to meet a distracted and infatuated maiden who had fallen dead in love with him and longed for acquaintanceship. They signed a fictitious name.
He was to meet the imaginary young lady in front of the church, and in order to prevent mistakes was to whistle "Home, sweet Home."
On the night in question he spruced up and started out to conquer.
The boys had ensconced themselves behind the fence.
Along came our hero. He was whistling "Home, Sweet Home" for all it was worth. He walked up and down in front of the church whistling that good old tune until his mouth looked like a putty blower. He scared all the cats in the neighborhood and the residents began to pour buckets full of slugs in their double-barreled guns.
The boys were behind the fence with unripe cents and mild eggs, and just as the master was about getting tired they saluted him.
When he arrived home the noses of the other boarders went up to the ceiling. He now turns pale every time he hears "Home, Sweet Home" whistled, which is every hour in the day. When questioned as to the loudness of the cologne he wore home that night, he said he kicked a cat on the street, and afterward ascertained that it wasn't that kind of a cat.—*New York Dispatch.*

"BETWEEN THE BLANKETS."—The early settlers of Kentucky had to work hard and fight often with the Indians. Their holidays were few, but whenever men met some sort of a physical contest was the amusement of the occasion. A Methodist minister, who lived in Kentucky during the beginning of this century, tells of a curious sport he once witnessed—a battle with fire brands for weapons.
He and a hundred stalwart settlers were engaged in opening a road through a forest. It was a good-natured, jolly company. The men worked hard all day. At night they sat round blazing fires of huge hickory logs and told stories of hunting bear and deer, and fighting Indians.
One night the story-tellers seemed to have exhausted their yarns. The men seemed nervous for some new excitement. Suddenly one gave a war-whoop. A score of yells answered. Every one sprang to his feet.
Two captains were chosen, and the men told off into two companies.—Each man seized a burning brand and the battle began. There was but one rule of war—no brand should be thrown without fire upon it, so that it might be seen and dodged.
For two hours the battle continued in perfect good nature. But, as the fires became low, burning brands grew scarce. The rule was broken and the battle in play was beginning to be a fight in earnest.
Then came one of the perfection of the discipline they had acquired in Indian wars. The loud voices of the Captains cried "Halt!" Each man dropped his brand. "To camp!" and in a few minutes the whole company, save the sentinels, were "between their blankets."

(The original and only genuine Chinese Cream Camphor manufactured.—WONG SAM KEE & CO., Tea Merchants, 816 South Second street, Philadelphia, Pa.)

Chinese Cream CAMPHOR!
THE GREAT REMEDY
FOR THE
RELIEF OF PAIN
IN MAN AND BEAST!
Commands the attention of all who have been inveterate sufferers of RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, HEADACHE, BACKACHE, FROSTED FEET, STIFF JOINTS, and all pains in every portion of the body. The seat of pain is reached by exciting the pores to action, thus enabling the curative properties of the CHINESE CREAM CAMPHOR to enter, which stifles the pain as soon as the affected parts are reached. The liniment must, upon each application, be rubbed in thoroughly; and in cases of Rheumatism of long standing it should be used three or four times a day, and four applications made each time, until cured. Care, however, should be exercised after the pores are opened, to prevent taking cold.

FOR HORSES
—THE—
Chinese CREAM Camphor
IS INVALUABLE.
It relieves Sprained Joints, Thrush in Feet, Sweeny, Poll Evil, Blood and Bone Spavins, Ringbone, and all hard lumps caused by kicks or other bruises. For Epizooty, Distemper, Fever, Colic, Loss of Appetite, and Weakness, use the IRON HORSE AND CATTLE POWDER.
☞ A half-pint bottle of the CHINESE CREAM CAMPHOR can be had for 50 cents from E. JAMES, Druggist, Ebensburg, Pa.
N. B.—The testimonials of persons using this preparation, either on themselves or their horses, will be thankfully received.

TESTIMONIALS.
I have tried the Chinese Cream Camphor for Rheumatism and Nervous Headache, and have found in it instant relief. I have never found its equal to all my troubles.—GEORGE BYNG, London, Eng., (son of Capt. Sir Geo. Byng, R. L. N., Singapore, India.)
I used the Chinese Cream Camphor for a severe attack of Rheumatism in the right shoulder, and can sincerely say, after having tried several other well-known remedies, that it is the best thing I ever used. It relieved me completely.—MILLARD T. WALTON, 317 N. 21st street, West Philadelphia, March 1, 1881.
After one application of the Chinese Cream Camphor I was relieved of frosted feet.—NATHAN ELKAN, 419 North Third street, Philadelphia, Pa., Jan. 12, 1881.
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Is a sure cure for all ordinary diseases of Horses Cattle, Sheep and Swine. It cures and prevent CHICKEN CHOLERA. Your cow is certain to yield 25 PER CENT. MORE AND BETTER MILK AND BUTTER. STOCK FATTENS ON ONE-FOURTH LESS FEED!
Being in possession of a large number of excellent testimonials, I submit a few:
I have been using your Cattle Powder for horses, cows, chickens and pigs, and find it a FIRST-CLASS thing.—GEORGE BOND, Germantown, Pa.
I have used two packs of your Cattle Powder on my cow and chickens. The cow GAVE NEARLY TWICE AS MUCH MILK as she did before. My chickens were dying, but were CURED IMMEDIATELY after I had used the powder.
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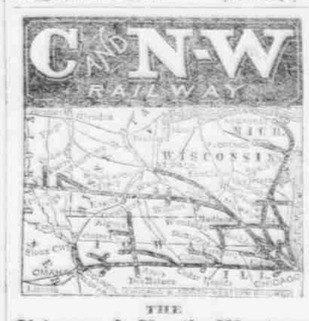

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